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Ned McCobb's Daughter

Sidney Howard

NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER

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A Comedy

BY

SIDNEY HOWARD

PS
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NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1927

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TO MY WIFE

THE CAST OF THE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION

As presented at the John Golden Theatre, New York,
November 22, 1926.

NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER

By SIDNEY HOWARD

The production directed by Philip Moeller
Settings by Aline Bernstein

CHARACTERS (In order of appearance)

Carrie Callahan.....Clare Eames
1st Federal Man.....Maurice McRae
Nat Glidden.....Philip Loeb
2nd Federal Man.....Morris Carnovsky
Jenny.....Margalo Gillmore
Babe Callahan.....Alfred Lunt
Captain Ned McCobb.....Albert Perry
George Callahan.....Earle Larimore
Lawyer Grover.....Edward G. Robinson
Ben McCobb.....Philip Leigh

Act I—Inside "Carrie's Spa" at the Merrybay Terminus of the Kennebec Ferry at Merrybay in May. Noon.

Act II—The parlor of the old McCobb homestead. That evening after dark.

Act III—The same. The following morning about seven.

Time—The present.

Stage Manager—Maurice McRae

Assistant Stage Manager—Barbara Bruce

THE THEATRE GUILD, INC.

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CHARACTERS

Captain McCobb
Ben McCobb
George Callahan
Babe Callahan
Nat Glidden
Lawyer Grover
Two Federal Men
Carrie Callahan
Jenny

SCENES

First inside "Carrie's Spa" at the Merrybay terminus of the Kennebec Ferry at Merrybay in Maine. Noon.

Then in the parlor of the old McCobb Homestead that evening after dark.

Then in the same room, the following morning about seven.

A NOTE ON DIALECT

The temptation to spell dialect phonetically i
easy to resist. I have gone as far in this text
deemed advisable, the reader considered. The two
lects with which the play is concerned are the
Yorkese and the Maine Yankee. In writing the
Yorkese, I have employed the conventional sub
tion of the consonant D for the diphthong TH,
with the exception of a few minor misspellings, p
much let it go at that. Maine talk is not expre
in spelling. The word "pond," for example, is
nounced in two syllables, but upon three notes.
delicacy of its elisions and the variety of its infle
defy typographical record. I submit Maine ta
the most beautiful, the most gracious and the
distinguished speech to be heard in any part of
country. It is not to be confused with the ugly
Cod Yankee. It should be studied and painstak
reproduced by the actors who interpret the Maine
acters in this play. It cannot but enhance the c
of their various performances.

NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER

ACT ONE

NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER

ACT ONE

SCENE: *The interior of a humble eating establishment in the Maine village of Merrybay, beside the terminus of the ferry which crosses the Kennebec River at that point. The room is a cheaply constructed, shallow addition to an old farm house. It is painted white within, as without, and has its own air of untarnishable brightness and cleanliness.*

A long window at the back bears the following legend, painted on the exterior of its several rectangular panes, so that the lettering is reversed to the audience:

CARRIE'S SPA

SHORE DINNERS

FRESH CRAB MEAT SANDWICHES

ANTIQUES

The window looks out over a brilliant landscape of elms and wide river beyond a garden filled, at the moment, with lilacs in full bloom, all bathed

in a clear marvel of early June sunlight. Th entrance door, beside the window, is also flank by lilacs. Along the window runs a lunch count with usual lunch counter fittings including scree covered pies, a coffee boiler, dishes, etc. Stov stand before this. There are, also, four sm tables with four antique painted kitchen cha at each one. Each table is covered with a red a white checked table cloth and each one flaunts cheap glass vase, filled with lilacs.

The walls display advertisements of Lucerne-in-Main Moxie, various brands of cheap cigarettes a smoking tobacco and of a dance for the comi Saturday night at Oxhorn Hall, Montsweag.

A door to the left of the audience at the head of flight of two or three steps gives access to t house proper.

Whenever anyone enters the Spa by the door from t door yard, the door, opening, trips a small be

The TWO FEDERAL MEN *sit at the counter eating th lunch which* JENNY *serves them. They are typi of the prohibition unit; one, about forty-five, is Yankee—the other, about thirty, is South Bost Irish.*

JENNY *is a pretty, fair-haired girl of twenty-fo She is capable at her work to the point of expe ness, but something cheap gives her away.*

The other group on the stage consists of NAT GLIDD

and CARRIE CALLAHAN. NAT *is a hearty, down-east type, grown a little too stout for his height and a little too well pleased with himself. He is agreeable and can be respectful, at least outwardly, when he is laughing only to himself. He never tries sharpness on any one who is more clever than he. Such a one is* CARRIE. *She is thirty, spare, handsome, humorous and amused. She never gives the impression of hurry and she is never idle. She realizes, without ever having given the matter a thought, that she is the equal of any man. She has had a hard time, few ups and many, many downs, but her disasters have left her unscarred. She wants all that she can possibly get materially, but she is unconscious of lacking anything mentally or spiritually. She sits with* NAT *at one of the small tables.* NAT *figures intently on a pad of paper. She watches him, darning her children's stockings the while, and conversing with the company.*

CARRIE

[*A pause at darning, then*]: Cathance, Winnigance, Kowhegan and Arousick! Funny names, ain't they?

1ST FEDERAL MAN

Names ain't the only things strike me as funny out the State of Maine. Whole State strikes me funny.

CARRIE

[*Smiling*]: Them's the names we call the four poin
of the compass 'round here.

NAT

[*Without looking up from his figures*]: You certa
hev got your father's manner of speakin', Carri
Wonder t' me he never taught you navigatin' a
made a sailor of you! You certain are your fathe
daughter!

CARRIE

[*Immensely pleased*]: Well, I ain't ashamed t'
and I don't reckon my father's ashamed t' own m
Mebbe he would hev taught me navigatin', too, if I
turned out t' be a son instead of what I am. I decla
every now and then, I jest want t' git up and go a
be and do like the men kin!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

[*Extracting a bottle from his side pocket*]: I got
little somethin' here I saved fer you out of the haul
made yesterday, over t' Georgetown, in the old fo
You talkin' 'bout grog put me in mind of it. Re
Santa Cruz rum.

CARRIE

[*Accepting with pleasure*]: That's real sweet
you, Henry Butterworth!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Ain't nuthin' your Pa likes better than real Sa
Cruz rum.

1st Federal Man

What's the old man goin' t' be doin' once they git the bridge finished? Won't be no ferry fer him t' push back and forth then.

Carrie

[*Much displeased*]: So long as my "old man," as you call him, hes got a ship t' command, I'll thank you t' speak of him as "Captain." Mebbe the Kennebec River ain't the Atlantic Ocean, and nobody says 'tis, but a ferry boat floats and wants steerin', don't it? And it's got t' be commanded, ain't it? If I was wastin' *my* prime enforcin' prohibition like *you* are, I'd likely speak respectful of my elders and betters. . . . Better watch out fer them doughnuts, too. They're made rich and they'll rise on you. [*Satisfied that she has crushed him, she turns to* Nat.] How you gittin' on, Nat?

Nat

Got through the material. Got t' figure the labor, now.

Carrie

Never seen so much figurin' in my born days. Wonder t' me you don't charge figurin' as labor!

Nat

Mebbe I do. 'Tain't so easy figurin' how t' build a hotel fer folks that ain't willin' t' pay no more than the price of a barn door.

CARRIE

'Tain't a hotel. 'Tain't nuthin' but a kitchen big enough t' cook a meal fit t' eat in. Don't see no use in payin' a penny more than twelve hundred dollars fer no kitchen.

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Fixin' t' expand your business, Carrie? Well, take care you don't harm the quality of your cookin'.

CARRIE

Cookin' or no cookin', I got t' do somethin'! Ever since the bridge was voted through t' be built over this here river, folks 's been droppin' in t' tell me ain't it a pity Pa and George is goin' t' lose their good jobs on the old ferry and what'll I hev t' raise the children on, *then?* S' I t' myself: This Spa looks t' me like the best thing I got. If this bridge is goin' t' be built right, men hes got t' build it. And while they're at buildin' it, they got t' eat. Folks kin tell me this bridge is my misfortune till they're black in the face; I'll show 'em different! What's t' prevent me from feedin' all them bridge builders right here? I got *some* fight in me. How *kin* I afford t' set back waitin' on men folks t' take care of me, with two children t' raise?

1ST FEDERAL MAN

Seems like you're makin' a heap of fuss over raisin' them kids of yourn!

CARRIE

When you git old enough t' git some sense in you, you'll mebbe learn that raisin' kids is jest 'bout the only thing on earth wuth makin' a fuss over! Not hevin' 'em, mind, but raisin' 'em right, once you've hed 'em!

[*And so crushes him a second time.*]

JENNY

[*In the door, looking out*]: Doctor's jest openin' the front gate, Carrie.

CARRIE

[*Setting her darning aside*]: Well, it's 'bout time!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Who's sick, Carrie?

CARRIE

Children's down with the measles.

NAT

Carrie, I kin build your kitchen fer thirteen hundred and fifty and I can't build it fer a penny less.

CARRIE

[*A sharp eye at* NAT]: You run through the house, Jenny, and let the doctor in at the front door. [JENNY *goes into the house.* CARRIE *rises.*] Nat Glidden, I don't want t' hear no more nonsense out of you. You'll build my kitchen fer twelve hundred dollars, or, sure as hell's a man-trap, I'll build it myself.

[*And she follows* JENNY *into the house.*]

1ST FEDERAL MAN

'D anybody ever hear the beat of that woman? She *will* build it herself and, like as not, she'll do a better job than you could.

NAT

[*Ruefully*]: Never worked fer Carrie McCobb yet, I didn't lose money. Don't think it's womanly fer her t' be as sharp as she is.

2ND FEDERAL MAN

I wouldn't call Carrie sharp. She's smart as a steel trap, but she ain't sharp. She's too honest. Tell you what I'll do. You build Carrie's kitchen fer twelve hundred and I'll save you a case of liquor out the next big haul we make.

NAT

[*Suddenly very crafty*]: Mebbe I ain't as teetotal as my wife 'ud like t' hev me, but I ain't one t' take bad liquor instead of good money.

1ST FEDERAL MAN

Henry's showin' you how t' make up the difference between what you're askin' and what Mrs. Callahan aims t' pay. Henry's offerin' you a case of liquor worth, anyway, sixty dollars.

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Them city folks up the road'll pay you ten a quart

fer it. If I throw in three quarts extra, you got the whole hundred and fifty right there.

NAT

A fine thing fer a government official in your line t' turn private citizens toward bootleggin'!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

We got t' stand by Carrie! The case is yours the day the job's finished.

NAT

The case *and* three quarts over?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

And three quarts over.

NAT

And you guarantee not t' pinch me fer sellin' it? [JENNY *returns to her place behind the lunch counter.*]

1ST FEDERAL MAN

If you got so much objection t' sellin' it, I wouldn't wonder if we could find you some that was fit t' drink yourself.

NAT

Well, then, I guess we got t' do the right thing by Carrie.

1ST FEDERAL MAN

You bet you hev!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

[*Speaking at the same time*]: That's the fust good ever I seen come of prohibition.

[*Suddenly* BABE CALLAHAN *opens the door, speaking immediately upon* NAT'S *last word.*]

BABE

How many a you guys c'n tell me is dis de Callahan residence? [*They turn and see a young man, not unattractive, filled with energy and rich in the quality called "freshness," snappily dressed and, in speech and manner, the perfect flower of New York's East Side. He takes in the room and those present take him in. The two* FEDERAL MEN *evince an almost morbid interest in his appearance and conversation as that last proceeds in the ensuing scene.*] What's de idea? Don't you know or is it a secret? [*General amazement continues. He turns to* JENNY.] When papas ask questions, nice little goils answer up polite! You hoid me! Is de boss here, George Callahan?

JENNY

Wouldn't wonder.

BABE

George Callahan who used to woik in Boston?

JENNY

Wouldn't wonder.

BABE

Is de boss here, George Callahan, who used to woik in Boston?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Supposin' he was?

BABE

If dat means he is, is he in?

JENNY

No, he ain't.

BABE

Well, we got dat much settled! When d' you expect him back?

JENNY

On the next ferry.

BABE

How often does de ferry run?

JENNY

Every hour.

BABE

Dat's soivice!

NAT

What d'you want on Sunday?

BABE

Dat's so! It *is* Sunday!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

The best thing fer you is t' set down and eat your lunch while you're waitin' on George.

1ST FEDERAL MAN

You won't find better cookin' 'n Mrs. Callahan's between Rockland and Kittery.

BABE

[*To* JENNY]: Are you Mrs. Callahan?

JENNY

Me? I should say not!

BABE

Oh! [*He eyes the two* FEDERAL MEN *again and decides on risking it.*] T'ink you could rustle me up a plate a ham an' eggs an' a cup of coffee?

JENNY

Jest take a seat.

BABE

Where d'you want me to take it?

JENNY

That your idea of a new joke?

BABE

Why?

JENNY

We was raised on it up here. Sit down. You got plenty of time. The Captain and George'll be along fer their lunch, soon as the ferry comes over on the noon trip.

BABE

If you'll excuse me, honey, I'll just step outside an' haul my car in out a de road.

[*He goes and his departure at once galvanizes Federal energy.*]

1ST FEDERAL MAN

It's him!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

He certain does look like the description!

JENNY

Like what description? Who d'you think he is?

1ST FEDERAL MAN

The man we missed yesterday down t' Georgetown.

NAT

Him as hid the liquor in the old Fort?

[2ND FEDERAL MAN *nods excitedly.*]

JENNY

Him?

1ST FEDERAL MAN

Did you ever hear New York talk this far from New York without smellin' liquor?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Can't be sure. He's taller than what he ought t' be. [*At the window.*] He ought t' be drivin' a Packard, too. That car out there's a Cadillac.

1ST FEDERAL MAN

Kin you see his license?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Delaware. That don't prove nuthin' either!

1ST FEDERAL MAN

Will you look at the way he's turnin' that car 'round! [NAT *resumes his figures. The other three strain their eyes toward* BABE'S *operations in the road outside.*] Ain't he turnin' round so he's headed away from the river? Wouldn't that mean he's fixin' t' make a quick getaway?

JENNY

Bless my soul!

1ST FEDERAL MAN

Do we nab him or don't we?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Anybody'd know you was new at this game! If w hed somebody here who seen him down Georgetow way, we'd mebbe be able t' identify him. But we can' hardly arrest *no* man for smugglin' liquor on accoun of the way he turns his car 'round.

JENNY

I think you're both full of prunes! I'll bet he's jes a smart young city feller from New York lookin' ove real estate.

2ND FEDERAL MAN

You may be right, Jenny.

JENNY

You're full of prunes. Anybody kin see he's gentleman.

1ST FEDERAL MAN

He's comin' back.

[*The company return very self-consciously to the places.*]

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Leave me talk t' him.

JENNY

If he's up t' anythin' wrong, I'll eat my hat.

1st Federal Man

Ssst!

[Babe *returns. In the distance a ferry whistle blows hoarsely.*]

Babe

[*A pause as he surveys the company, then*]: Dat de ferry comin' over now?

2nd Federal Man

It's the five minute whistle. Means she's gittin' ready t' haul acrosst.

Babe

[*Seats himself with a wary eye on the Law. To* Jenny]: Comin' up with dem ham an' eggs, honey?

2nd Federal Man

Where you from?

Babe

Wilmington. Why?

2nd Federal Man

What's your line?

Babe

What's yours?

Jenny

[*Serving him*]: We was jest wonderin' 'bout your line and I guessed you was in the real estate.

Babe

Dat's as good a line as any! Suboiban real estate!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Well, now, we're in real estate, too! Lookin' over Maine developments, mebbe?

BABE

[*His mouth full*]: Nope. Just a trip. Took de wife an' kiddies up to Belgrade Lakes for de fishin'.

1ST FEDERAL MAN

[*Quickly*]: Fishin' this early at Belgrade Lakes?

BABE

Dey got all summer. Dey c'n wait.

2ND FEDERAL MAN

[*Motioning his colleague to silence*]: Right pretty country up Belgrade way. Right pretty all the way t' Quebec. Ever been t' Quebec?

BABE

[*Turning on them in the blandest good humor*] Do dey have real estate in Quebec or would you t'ink I'd be goin' dere for some diff'rent reason? Anythin else you'd like to know? I weigh a hundred an' seventy five stripped an' I stand six feet two in my socks d day de wash comes home. Oh, yes, an' I was a twelv poun' baby! . . . Are you comin' up wid dat coffe honeybunch, or do I got to say please? [*At whic moment* CARRIE *returns.*] Good mornin' to you, too lady!

CARRIE

[*Considerably surprised*]: Good mornin'!

BABE

Mrs. Callahan, if I'm not mistaken?

CARRIE

Yes. What kin I do fer you?

BABE

Not a t'ing. I'm bein' took care of fine by little apple-blossom. Keep right ahead de way you was goin'. Join de navy an' see de woild!

CARRIE

Land's sakes!

[*She looks from* NAT *to the* FEDERAL MEN. *They signal her mutely to take no notice. She is completely bewildered.*]

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Don't mind him, Carrie. He ain't nuthin' but jest one of them fresh city fellers.

CARRIE

Yeah? Well, we git plenty of them in here. We git all kinds. [*Turning her back on* BABE's *grin.*] How 'bout it, Nat?

NAT

I'll do the right thing by you, Carrie. Come on along outside so as I kin figure how many trees t' cut down.

CARRIE

[*Following him out*]: Jest you try cuttin' down any of Pa's elms! Folks that cut down trees ain't no re-

specters of the works of Providence. Takes God
long time t' grow a fust class tree!

[*During the ensuing scene,* CARRIE *and* NAT *can be see*
most of the time, busy over the prospective con
struction. BABE, *in the meanwhile, turns his at*
tention to the FEDERAL MEN, *meeting their scru*
tiny and once more scattering them with hi
broadest and most impudent grin. This accom
plished, to JENNY'S *delight, he returns to hi*
food.]

1ST FEDERAL MAN

[*To his partner, most casually*]: Well? Do we

2ND FEDERAL MAN

[*Shaking his head*]: I got a telephone call t' put i
fust.

[*And he goes out to join* CARRIE *and* NAT.]

JENNY

Which one of you pays today?

1ST FEDERAL MAN

My turn.

[*He pays.* JENNY *makes change.*]

2ND FEDERAL MAN

What did the doctor say, Carrie?

CARRIE

Measles is measles . . .

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Give my best t' George and the Captain.

[1st Federal Man *helps himself to toothpicks and goes out.*]

1st Federal Man

Sorry we couldn't wait t' see 'em.

[Babe *honors their departure with a profound salute.*]

Jenny

Hey! What's that mean?

Babe

Just biddin' your friends, de cops, adoo.

Jenny

Whatever give you the idea they was cops?

Babe

Well, now you ask me, I t'ink it must ha' been de kind a feet dey got. Any time I see feet like dem placed so close to an enquirin' disposition, I know de law can't be far off. . . . You don't t'ink dey was gettin' me wrong, do you? You know. Huh? A young realtor like me?

Jenny

Anybody kin see you're a young gentleman, interested in real estate jest like I said you was.

Babe

An' dat was *very* nice of you! What's your name?

Jenny

You *are* pretty fresh, ain't you!

BABE

Not a bit, I ain't! . . . I got a memory system You tell me your name an' I'll show you how de systen woiks.

JENNY

Jeanette Duval.

BABE

Ain't dat a pretty name? Dey call you Jenny, too don't dey? Now get de memory system. Jeanette— dat's French for Jenny, see? We don't got to worry wid de last part! I never forget nobody I mee socially. You c'n call me Babe. Like to ride in fas automobiles, Jenny?

JENNY

Are you invitin' me or jest askin' me questions?

BABE

I'm collectin' data for a taxi line I'm t'inkin' startin' up between de ferry an' your fried eggs. Sa when! . . . Don't you got no napkins in dis joint [*She fetches him one.*] I see dey's goin' to be a danc at Oxhorn on Saturday night . . . You got funn names around here for a Yankee neighborhood, ain' you? Oxhorn an' Callahan . . . Well, how about it All hunky-dory, huh?

JENNY

You countin' on stayin' here all week?

BABE

I might, at dat. I was lookin' for a good excuse to stick around a few days. I got interests here.

JENNY

I don't know what t' think of you.

BABE

Just non-plussed, ain't you?

JENNY

Maybe I am.

BABE

How d'you like dat woid, "non-plussed?"

JENNY

What's it mean?

BABE

I read it in a movie magazine. It said how some star was non-plussed by her sudden triumph. Well, do we dance Saturday?

JENNY

If I kin git off.

BABE

Pretty fast woik, huh?

JENNY

I'll say!

BABE

[*He takes her hand in his*]: Now, I'll tell you somethin', Jenny. You want to look out for young realtors like me an' not let 'em woik too fast. Because de

trouble wid you is, you're too easy an' de foist t'ing you know, I'll wallop you off to Quebec an' buy you a drink an' *den* what'll de neighbors say? [*He slaps her hand in sudden distaste and drops it.*] Now, supposin' you fill dis cup up wid another load a coffee an' keep your trap shut till I tell you to open it. [*He leaves* JENNY *to her offended astonishment.*] Paddle right in, Mrs. Callahan, an' be a duck wid de rest uv us! I got sensational disclosures to make to you. [*Thunderstruck,* CARRIE *turns in the door.*]

CARRIE

Are you speakin' t' me that way?

BABE

Your name's Callahan, ain't it?

CARRIE

My husband's name's Callahan.

BABE

So's mine. How's dat for a coincidence?

CARRIE

Don't think so much of it. Knowed two people once myself and both of 'em's name was Smith!

BABE

Bet dey wasn't long lost brothers, though!

CARRIE

[*Incredulous*]: You ain't tryin' t' tell me you're George's brother?

BABE

If he's George Callahan who used to drive for de Yellow Cabs in Boston, I am.

CARRIE

[*Still unconvinced*]: You ain't!

BABE

Yes, I am. An' dis looks to me like de big Irish-American Callahan re-union! Ain't you never hoid George mention his brother, Babe?

CARRIE

You ain't Babe?

BABE

Yes, I am!

CARRIE

[*Heartily*]: Well, I certain am pleased t' meet you! [*They shake hands. There ensues one of those moments of embarrassment.*]

BABE

[*Carrying it off*]: What d'you know, huh? . . . How *is* George?

CARRIE

He's jest fine.

BABE

I hoid somethin' about him not bein' so well.

CARRIE

He's jest fine now.

BABE

I kind a lost track a George lately, but I hoid about him bein' up here, an' you know how it is about blood bein' t'icker'n water.

CARRIE

I do declare! Won't George be pleased t' see you, though!

BABE

Oh, George'll be just tickled to deat'!

CARRIE

Ain't the world small, though!

BABE

Yeah, ain't it!

CARRIE

Well, I'm certain pleased t' meet up with George's brother!

NAT

[*Reëntering*]: Carrie!

CARRIE

[*To* BABE]: Jest excuse me a minute. [*To* NAT.] Got it all down?

NAT

Hed it 'most down already.

CARRIE

[*Reading over his shoulder*]: Don't see no range mentioned.

NAT

Am I providin' the range?

CARRIE

Fer twelve hundred you are.

NAT

Now, see here, Carrie!

CARRIE

You kin cut out the sink. I'll git that cheaper from Sears Roebuck . . . [*Examining the estimate more carefully.*] And I won't hev none of them self-splittin' spruce boards used, neither!

NAT

I figured on pine. How 'bout the paintin'?

CARRIE

Do the paintin' myself.

NAT

[*Writing*]: Twelve hundred dollars.

CARRIE

You better sign at the bottom.

NAT

There.

[*He does sign.*]

CARRIE

Kin you start in work fust thing tomorrow forenoon?

NAT

Guess I could.

CARRIE

If I want t' handle that business, I got t' be the fust t' git after it. [*She turns to* BABE, *who has listened with intense interest.*] They're buildin' a bridge acrosst this river, here, and I'm fixin' t' . . . Only that don't interest you.

BABE

Yes, it does! I hoid all about it already. Dere ain't nothin' about dis joint dat don't interest me. An' dat's de trut'.

CARRIE

[*Surprised*]: You dont say!

BABE

I c'n see you're a pretty live Yankee, Carrie!

CARRIE

Well, I'm liver 'n some I know. [*Back to* NAT.] Better git 'long home t' your Sunday dinner, Nat. I'll look fer you fust thing in the mornin'. . . . Land's sakes, I clean fergot t' introduce you. Mr. Glidden, our local contractor and builder. George's brother, Mr. Callahan.

NAT

Go 'long! He ain't George's brother!

CARRIE

Yes, he is!

BABE

Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Glidden.

NAT

Pleased t' make yours . . . I suppose you really are in real estate?

BABE

Sure I am!

NAT

Well, it jest goes t' show how wrong 'tis t' jedge by appearances. [*A thought strikes him.*] Say, Carrie!

CARRIE

What is it?

NAT

Where you goin' t' git that twelve hundred from?

CARRIE

Don't see how that concerns you!

NAT

Strictly speakin', it don't. Jest the same I'd like t' know.

CARRIE

What I ain't got and can't earn, Pa's goin' to raise fer me by mortgagin' this old house. Now you satisfied?

NAT

Dont see how I kin question that arrangement.

CARRIE

D'ruther you didn't speak of it t' Pa, though. I ain't told him 'bout it yet. [*To* BABE.] Hev t' be kind of delicate, discussin' this Spa with my father.

He's old and he's hed reverses and that makes him twice as touchy 'bout hevin' me support him. Don't you worry, Nat. I'll bring Pa 'round. You git 'long home t' your dinner and come back here at seven sharp t'morrow forenoon. [NAT *goes, chuckling, with a casual nod to* BABE. *She calls after him.*] Give my love t' Sally! [*To* BABE.] Sally's his wife. Knowed her all my life.

BABE

Bet Sally ain't the girl you are, Carrie.

CARRIE

No, I don't know as she is. [*Again the ferry whistle.*] There's the ferry startin' over, now. [*She catches* JENNY'S *interest in* BABE *and turns it over a moment in her mind.*] You run down t' the landin', Jenny, and tell George his brother's here, so as he'll hurry home t' dinner. I'll finish gittin' it.

JENNY

[*Preparing to obey*]: Liver's in the pan, Carrie.

CARRIE

[*To* BABE]: I fergot t' ask you what your real name is.

BABE

De name de priest wished on me was Raymond.

CARRIE

Guess we'll leave it at Babe. [JENNY, *having disposed of her apron, goes.*] She's a good-fer-nuthin

Kanuck from Saco, that girl, but she's willin' an' she's a hard worker.

BABE

I'll say she's willin'. Is George woikin' on de ferry?

CARRIE

[*She turns now to preparing dinner, laying the table, etc.*]: Yes, he is. You see, my father's captain of the ferry boat—the *Governor Smith*—and George's fust mate. Bein' fust mate on a ferry boat don't mean exactly the same thing as it does at sea. Not on this ferry boat, it don't. On this ferry boat the fust mate collects the fares from the automobiles.

BABE

You don't say! Well, dat sounds like a job George 'ud be suited to fine.

CARRIE

[*Unsuspecting of any sarcasm*]: Oh, he's happy as a clam, George is. We make out, livin' all together like we do, Pa and me and George and my brother.

BABE

You got a brother, too?

CARRIE

[*Nodding*]: My brother, Ben. He's in politics. He's younger than I am, but he's sech a wonderful speaker I wouldn't be surprised t' see him governor one of these days. He don't say much, but what he does

say is awful pithy! I'm mighty proud of Ben. He in the State police already.

BABE

An' livin' right here in de same house? Well, now dat must be a great comfort havin' de state police s handy!

CARRIE

Well, I don't know but 'tis, now you speak of it.

BABE

It took a young realtor like me to t'ink a dat!

CARRIE

Ben, he keeps company some with that Kanuc Jenny. . . . She talks a heap 'bout their bein' e gaged, but I don't guess it 'mounts t' more than je philanderin'. I ain't worryin' 'bout his marryin' he A young feller's got t' do *some* sparkin'. How long it since you seen George?

BABE

Must be ten years. I went down Sout' for a spe ten years back an' George, he went to Boston.

CARRIE

Don't guess you're no more of a letter writer th George is!

BABE

I hoid about George now an' den. I hoid he w livin' up here for his healt'.

CARRIE

That's why I made him come up here and give up
orkin' in the City. An' Pa got him this position in
he open all day an' now he's jest fine. You'll see. If
could only stop him from smokin', he wouldn't never
ough at all.

BABE

Gee! Lungs, was it?

CARRIE

Threatenin'. It come on him from havin' flu when
e was in the Navy.

BABE

[*Surprised*]: Was George in de navy? I never hoid
bout George bein' in de navy! Join de navy an' see
e woild! You know, huh?

CARRIE

Well, I don't know as you'd call it exactly in the
Navy, but he was in the Navy *Yard*. As a mechanic.
t Charleston. That's near Boston. That was where
e took sick with the flu and pneumonia and like t'
ied in the hospital and that was where we met, George
nd I. I won't never fergit how sick he looked, fust
ime I ever seen him. Come near breakin' my heart.
jest wanted t' set right down and care fer him my-
lf. Nursin' comes natural t' me anyway. You see,
was nursin' children at the time. In a private family
Boston. And I used t' go t' the hospital on my
ay off t' visit with a nurse there who's a friend of

mine, used t' live here, up the road a piece. And sh
was George's nurse and that's how I met up wit
George and we got married. Kind of sad, ain't it?

BABE

I'll say it was lucky for George!

CARRIE

That's nice of you t' say that and I wouldn't wonde
if you was right. I've often hed occasion t' say a
much t' George . . . Funny about sick people. They'r
awful appealin', ain't they?

BABE

Yeah.

CARRIE

Especially men. They're so helpless. George wa
still very sick when I married him. His lungs wa
threatenin' already, from the flu. So he left the nav
yard, and took work drivin' a taxi.

BABE

Yeah . . . I hoid about dat.

CARRIE

And he was gittin' 'long jest fine and then . . .

BABE

Must ha' been about dat time he got in trouble.

CARRIE

[*Pause, then*]: Trouble?

BABE

Yeah. I hoid about dat, too.

CARRIE

[*Pause, then*]: Well, if he did git in trouble, it's all over now and we never mention it.

BABE

How long did dey send him away for?

CARRIE

He got out in a year on account of his conduct bein' so good.

BABE

Oh, yeah! I hoid about dat, too.

CARRIE

I was real proud of George. George don't mean t' be bad, you know. He's weak. He gits frightened, kind of, and then . . .

BABE

Yeah. I know how it is. It sounded phoney to me, when I hoid about it. Coppin' a plea like he done when he was only drivin' de taxi. I'd ha' got a lawyer, myself.

CARRIE

It was me persuaded him t' plead guilty. Because there wa'n't no doubt but he *was* guilty, even if he didn't mean t' be. And I always think it's better jest to out and say you done wrong, if you hev. . . . The rest of 'em hed a lawyer and they all got longer sentences than George did, so I guess I was jest 'bout right.

BABE

Must ha' been pretty tough on you.

CARRIE

[*Nodding*]: With a little baby, too.

BABE

Gee!

CARRIE

I couldn't come home t' Pa because I wouldn't he wanted Pa t' find out nuthin' about it. He don't kno to this day George ever hed a thing in the world agains him. And George, he's behaved fine ever since, so the ain't no reason fer Pa's knowin'.

BABE

No. I c'n see dat.

CARRIE

And we never mention nuthin'. I was afraid yo might hev heard, bein' George's brother. You kno what they say 'bout bad news travellin' fast. That what made me send Jenny out. I was fixin' t' wo 'round and find out if you hed heard. Then I w goin' t' warn you not t' mention nuthin' 'bout i 'Tain't only on George's account. I got the childr t' think of, too. So you'll jest remember and be car ful, won't you?

BABE

Sure. How old is George's kids now?

CARRIE

Girl's five. Boy's seven. They're sweet childre too. Only you wouldn't think so, now, the meas

akes 'em so cranky. And George is makin' 'em a real ood father. [*A thought strikes her.*] You ain't afraid the measles, are you?

BABE

Not me! I had 'em. I had de woiks!

CARRIE

[*Eyeing him sharply*]: Small-pox?

BABE

[*Sensitive*]: Did you notice?

CARRIE

Fust thing you come in. Can't always be sure, ough, whether a man's hed small-pox or jest got a d skin. I've knowed many a man t' look like he'd hed real bad case of somethin' terrible and, come t' d out, it wa'n't no more'n jest careless shavin'.

The ferry whistle sounds again, much nearer.]

There's the ferry in now! They'll be along in a inute. I hope you're fixed so as you kin make us a ce long visit?

BABE

Oh, yeah!

CARRIE

That's jest fine. The country's real pretty with all e lilacs out. You kin see for yourself. And, pretty on, when the peonies come out in the door yard and e larkspur . . . Oh, you'll git t' like it 'round here me as George done.

BABE

It suits me fine already . . . I got to hand it to yo for stickin' to George de way you done!

CARRIE

Guess I know my duty as well as most women . . They're comin' up the road now. Call my fathe Captain. He ain't always been on a river ferry boat.

BABE

All I got to say is, you're a great girl, Carrie!

CARRIE

Well, most of us hes got *some* good points. I don' know as I got *much* use fer people in general, but can't help likin' 'em. . . . See how strong and we George looks? I must say, fer brothers, you an George ain't much alike. George hes got a beautifu complexion. [*Calling through the door.*] Here your brother, George!

GEORGE

[*Offstage*]: Hello, Babe!

BABE

Hello, George!

[CAPTAIN NED McCOBB *enters, a man past sixty, wh wears his uniform as Captain of the ferry boa He is stalwart and unbroken of body, but the di asters of his later life have left him tacitur They have not, however, marred his humor or h worldliness and we recognize in him a represent*

tive of the old Yankee skippers who, in their day, made the American race a proud one upon the seas of the world. Entering, he stops at the sight of BABE.]

CARRIE

It's George's brother, Pa. He jest stepped in fer a bite t' eat . . .

BABE

Yeah . . .

CARRIE

. . . And found George livin' here.

BABE

Dat's right! Very pleased t' meet you, I'm sure, Captain.

[CAPTAIN MCCOBB *shakes hands, smiles politely, says nothing, hangs his cap on the wall and sits at the table* CARRIE *has been laying.*]

CARRIE

I got liver fer your dinner, Pa. [*To* BABE.] Ain't nuthin' so hard t' git good 'round here as good liver. [*During this remark, at which* CAPTAIN MCCOBB *has smiled, still in silence,* GEORGE *enters. He, too, wears his uniform. He is at once less prepossessing and better looking than his younger brother. He belongs to the unstable fair type. His lips are a little loose, with a faint trace of cruelty about them. His eyelashes are both long and blonde. His eyes are preternaturally frank. His hands manage to combine fine*

muscular strength with complete lack of character. When he speaks, we hear that his New Yorkese has been worn down by his down-east residence.] Ain't nuthin' Pa likes better than good liver. Ain't that so, Pa?

[*She is already serving him. He smiles up at her with the warmest, the most beautiful and intimate paternal affection.*]

BABE

[*Speaking as* GEORGE *enters*]: How's de boy, George?

GEORGE

[*Speaking at the same time*]: Wha' d'you know? Where'd *you* come from?

BABE

[*Shaking hands*]: Oh, I dropped in! *You're* lookin' pretty good.

GEORGE

Yeah. I'm fine. How'd you find out I was livin' here?

BABE

I found out.

CARRIE

Come in here, Jenny, and git t' work. This ain't no time of day t' be standin' star-gazin'! [JENNY, *who has been standing outside the door, looking back at something which seems not entirely to suit her fancy*

comes in now, and assists CARRIE *with the serving of dinner. Whenever occasion offers, she resumes her glances through door or window.*] Set right down, now, George, and eat your dinner before it gits all cold and nasty. I got a nice fry of hamburg fer you.

GEORGE

[*Approaching the table where the* CAPTAIN *is already engaged in nourishing himself*]: Don't *I* draw liver?

CARRIE

Not today, you don't. Pa's liver 's his own private property.

[*This witticism brings another smile and a silent, shaking laugh from the old man.*]

GEORGE

[*To* BABE, *indicating* CARRIE]: Did you get that one?

BABE

She handed me a couple of good ones before you come in.

CARRIE

And butter and potatoes and gravy and . . . Oh, and coffee. . . . You pass the gravy, Jenny. I'll 'tend t' the coffee. . . . [*The action suits the word.*] I'm bringin' the coffee, Pa. Got everythin' else you want?

[*A smiling nod and almost as much as an almost audible grunt from the* CAPTAIN.]

GEORGE

There's worse things than hamburg. Ain't you joinin' us, Babe?

BABE

I ate already. When I come here. But I don't mind if I have another cup a coffee.

GEORGE

That your car I seen out in front?

BABE

Yeah. Dat's mine. Pretty nifty, huh?

GEORGE

Fine. If you paid for it.

BABE

[*Bridling*]: An' who d'you t'ink would ha' paid for it, if I didn't? Or, maybe I stole it?

GEORGE

Oh, I wouldn't ha' thought that.

BABE

Or maybe I got it savin' kewpons? I poichased dat car, George, wid money I oined honest, bein' a credit to de community from de Cadillac Agency in New York on de west side of Broadway between de kep' woman district an' de Chop Suey Belt.

CARRIE

Will you listen t' 'em goin' on 'bout their cars, Pa

[*The* CAPTAIN *has listened and found it amusing.*]

GEORGE

Oh! I see. Well, what's your racket?

BABE

What I got ain't a racket . . . it's a *line* . . . D'you get de fine diff'rence, Captain?

[*The* CAPTAIN *understands the difference perfectly and is delighted with it.*]

CARRIE

I don't think Pa's half as excited as he ought t' be. Don't set there, Pa, and act as if sech things happened every day. Long lost brothers is real romantic. Ain't you got a word t' say 'bout 'em?

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

[*Singing with the most charming irony imaginable*]:

I lost my hat
At Cape de Gat,
And where d'you s'pose I found it?
At Port Mahon,
Upon a stone,
With all the girls around it!

[*He subsides into the chuckles of those who are justly well pleased with themselves.*]

CARRIE

[*Laughing*]: Why, Pa! Whatever made you think of that old song! [*To* BABE.] Pa knows more old songs than you could shake a stick at!

BABE

I'm de lost hat, huh? De lost brown doiby! Well, right here, if I may make so bold, I'd like to deliver myself uv a few remarks. George, I'm here to say you married a great little woman. Captain, allow me to congratulate you upon your daughter!

CARRIE

Oh, go 'long!

GEORGE

Well, now, Carrie! What d'you think a that?

[*The* CAPTAIN, *very seriously, begins to disengage a locket from his watch chain.*]

BABE

Yes, sir! An' it coit'nly is a pleasure to be here wid you all an' to make your acquaintance. Dem's my remarks. [*The* CAPTAIN *extends the open locket for his inspection.*] Well, now! Who'll dat be?

CARRIE

[*Looking*]: Oh, Pa! I never knew you hed that old thing in your locket! It's jest terrible! Don't look at it, Babe!

BABE

Well, maybe it don't do you justice, Carrie. [*To the* CAPTAIN.] How old was she?

CAPTAIN McCOBB

Ten weeks.

[*He takes the locket back and returns it to its proper place on his watch chain.*]

GEORGE

How long you stayin', Babe?

BABE

Well, I got a date already for de dance next Saturday. Ain't I, Jenny?

GEORGE

[*Suddenly annoyed*]: Have you?

[JENNY, *absorbed in what goes on outside, makes no answer.*]

BABE

[*Sensing* GEORGE's *annoyance*]: You an' Carrie better come along, an' look after us.

CARRIE

We'd like t', wouldn't we, George? If the children's well enough fer me t' leave 'em. I ain't never been t' one of them dances up t' Oxhorn. Hear tell they're kind of rough, but real pleasant. You better come, too, Pa.

BABE

I bet de Captain could dance wid de best of 'em.

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

In my day, I could. I've danced. In this house. More than once. I've seen forty couples dancin' to-

gether in this house. Dances you young folks never heard on. Hull's Vict'ry and sech dances. Long time ago, now. Before Carrie was born.

CARRIE

I kin remember folks dancin' here, Pa. I kin remember once when you come home in the *Circassian Maid* from Madagascar. All the folks 'round here come t' our house t' dance that night. That was jest a little bit before Ben was born and Ma died. Sure Pa'll come Saturday. We'll bring a jug of cider 'long with us. . . . Oh, Pa, wait'll you see the fine present you got. Jest wait! [*She finds that quart of rum the* FEDERAL MAN *gave her.*] Henry Butterworth was in here this mornin' and left you this out of what they got last night down Georgetown way. [BABE *looks up in great interest.*] They said there wa'n't nuthin' you liked better.

CAPTAIN McCOBB

There ain't, if it's real.

BABE

If it came out a Georgetown, it's real.

CARRIE

What do *you* know 'bout Georgetown?

BABE

You'd be surprised what a young realtor like me hears about!

GEORGE

We could take it along instead a the cider Saturday ight.

CARRIE

Afraid rum 'd be awful heatin' t' dance on! What ou starin' at, out there, Jenny? Why don't you set lown and eat your dinner?

JENNY

I ain't hungry! . . . I ain't starin', neither. . . . 'm only wonderin' what brings your brother Ben ome at this time of day.

[*There is something arresting in her voice.* GEORGE *sits suddenly erect, listening and tense.*]

CARRIE

Ben? That Ben out in the door-yard? Who's that ith him?

[*She cannot quite see from where she is sitting.*]

JENNY

Lawyer Grover, ain't it?

CARRIE

Lawyer Grover? So 'tis! It's John Grover, Pa.

JENNY

He come over on the ferry with Ben.

CARRIE

Ben wa'n't on the ferry, was he? Told *me* he hed t' o up t' the courthouse this mornin'!

JENNY

I seen him git off the ferry with Lawyer Grover [GEORGE *half rises.*] They been standin' out in th road talkin' ever since.

CARRIE

Now what d'you s'pose them two's up to, George

GEORGE

I don't know. I don't know.

CARRIE

I'll ask 'em in.

[*From* GEORGE's *sudden nervous condition, it woul seem that he could do without their society.*]

What's ailin' you, George? Ain't you feelin' good You look jest awful!

GEORGE

I ain't feelin' so good, at that. I'm all in. Gues I'll go up an' lay down on my bed till it's time to g back to work.

CARRIE

Land's sakes! I hope *you* ain't comin' down wit the measles!

[LAWYER GROVER, *entering, stops* GEORGE's *departur* LAWYER GROVER *belongs to* CAPTAIN McCOBB *generation and school of Yankee thought. He the best dressed and the best educated man w have yet met in this play. At the moment, his fa wears a very serious expression. So does* BEN

face, as he appears, in his motor cop's uniform, young, grave, troubled, anxious, in the door behind the lawyer.]

LAWYER GROVER

Mornin', Ned! Mornin', Carrie!

CAPTAIN McCOBB

Mornin', John! Come in. It's good t' see you.

LAWYER GROVER

It's good t' see you, Ned. You ain't goin', George?

CARRIE

George ain't feelin' so good. He thought he'd jest ay down fer a spell upstairs.

LAWYER GROVER

Guess he ain't feelin' so sick he can't set here fer a pell. I got somethin' t' say t' him.

GEORGE

[*Voiceless*]: To me, Mr. Grover?

CARRIE

[*Surprised*]: To George? . . . What? . . .

BABE

[*Enjoying* GEORGE's *discomfiture*]: Stick around, George, an' we'll open up a bottle a glue!

LAWYER GROVER

Mebbe we'd best go in the house where we won't be nterrupted. [*His eye falls on* BABE.] It's a family natter.

CARRIE

A family matter? . . . What? . . . This gentle
man is George's brother. . . . Mr. Grover, Mr. Calla
han. . . .

BABE

Pleased to meet you. . . . Don't mind me. . . .
c'n step outside. . . .

GEORGE

[*With deliberate lightness*]: No, don't. It can't b
nothin' so private as all that.

LAWYER GROVER

Private? Well, depends on how you look at it.

GEORGE

What . . . what is it?

CAPTAIN McCOBB

Somethin' wrong, John?

LAWYER GROVER

Afraid so, Ned.

CARRIE

[*Quickly*]: Jenny, you go inside and set by the chi
dren for a spell. . . . Go on! . . . I'll call you whe
I want you. [*Silence, until* JENNY *has gone into th
house.* CARRIE *closes the door after her.*] Don't lil
t' take Lawyer Grover in the house on account of h
carryin' measles t' his grandchildren.

LAWYER GROVER

Thank you, Carrie. That's very thoughtful of yo

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

Well, John, if there's somethin' wrong, better tell s what 'tis.

LAWYER GROVER

[*Turning to* GEORGE]: Suppose *you* tell *me*, George, ow much money you've robbed the ferry of.
An awful pause.]

BABE

[*The first to react*]: Uhuh!

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

How's that, John?

CARRIE

Oh, George! You ain't!

GEORGE

Of course, I ain't. I don't know what he's talkin' bout!

BEN

[*Drily from the door*]: 'T ain't goin' t' do you one it a good t' deny nuthin'. Company's hed spotters n you ever since Decoration Day. I rode on the ferry very trip this mornin' t' check up on the spotters. 'ou didn't see me, mebbe, but I was there. I got a arrant fer your arrest in my pocket.

GEORGE

[*Wildly*]: Say! What d'you mean by comin' into man's house on Sunday an' callin' him a thief!

CAPTAIN McCOBB

[*Harshly*]: 'Tain't your house, George, it's mine And it don't make no difference what day 't is.

CARRIE

Of course it don't, George!

BEN

You better keep quiet and. . . .

CAPTAIN McCOBB

[*Thundering*]: Let John Grover do the talkin'! [*Another pause.* CARRIE *shrinks over beside her father All eyes on* GEORGE.]

LAWYER GROVER

I don't suppose you know how much you've take altogether?

GEORGE

I tell you, I don't know what you're talkin' about

LAWYER GROVER

Didn't you jest hear Ben tell you we've hed spotter coverin' you? In the twelve days since Decoration Da you've held out ninety-four dollars. On Decoratio Day, alone, with the heavy traffic goin' up t' the cem teries, you held out . . . [*He consults a memoran dum.*] . . . thirty-two dollars, or the fares on sixty four cars out of two hundred and forty-seven carrie With the traffic light as 't was this forenoon, you he out six dollars. That's twelve fares out of fifty-o carried.

GEORGE

'Tain't so!

A faint shuddering moan from CARRIE.]

BEN

'Tis so, George! Wa'n't I there on the ferry, all orenoon, watchin' you?

LAWYER GROVER

The company suspects that you've been at this a ong time. Last summer, too.

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

Last summer!

LAWYER GROVER

Receipts last summer fell below the summer before. 'he company's pretty certain more traffic was carried.

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

So 'twas!

LAWYER GROVER

Even so, the company didn't suspect *you*, George. . . They didn't, Ned, until they put spotters on to ee just where the leak was. That was on Decoration ay. . . . [*Back to* GEORGE.] And that was the first vidence against you. . . . Oh, we might hev come t' warrant a week sooner. Only, I wanted t' git some lea of your average so as I could figure on last sum-er.

CARRIE

Oh, George!

GEORGE

That's right, believe him an' call me a thief an' liar. I tell you I don't know what he's talkin' abou

BEN

What'd you buy that car on, George?

GEORGE

You mean my old Buick?

CARRIE

[*Hopefully*]: Mr. Grover, I give him the hundre and fifty t' pay fer that old car out of what I mad on the Spa last winter.

LAWYER GROVER

Who gave him the balance of the eighteen hundre it cost him?

CARRIE

Eighteen hundred!

LAWYER GROVER

It wasn't an old Buick. It was a brand-new Buic and he went t' Portland and gave eighteen hundr fer it.

CARRIE

[*Pleading*]: George, you tell him how cheap you g that car and how you painted it yourself t' make look right. George knows how t' paint cars, M Grover. He used t' be a chauffeur. In Boston. Wh we was fust married.

BEN

Lawyer Grover's right, Carrie. I was up t' Portland yesterday and checked up on it. Eighteen hundred dollars George paid fer it and you know he couldn't hev paid that much without stealin'.

CARRIE

[*A gasp*]: Oh!

LAWYER GROVER

And now I hear, Carrie, that *you're* plannin' improvements on the house t' the tune of twelve hundred dollars more.

CARRIE

Only a new kitchen fer the Spa!

LAWYER GROVER

I don't believe that you're in any way responsible, Carrie. I only want you t' see how badly this looks for all of you. Even for you, Ned.

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

Somethin' else?

LAWYER GROVER

Yes. Did you know, when you asked the company t' give your son-in-law a position of trust, that he came to it straight from prison?

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

What!

LAWYER GROVER

Straight from a year on Deer Island, Ned, served for his part in a hold-up in Boston.

CARRIE

Pa didn't know that. I never told him.

LAWYER GROVER

You didn't!

CARRIE

I never told nobody!

CAPTAIN McCOBB

Daughter!

LAWYER GROVER

No, Ned. I kin understand Carrie. She thought her husband hed hed his lesson. She wanted him t' hev his second chance. [CARRIE *nods miserably.*] I think I kin understand all of it. But, I wanted you t' see how it looked t' the directors.

CAPTAIN McCOBB

I've always been an honest man, John.

LAWYER GROVER

I know that, Ned. And the directors know that. And now I'll tell you what they've decided t' do. On account of your record and out of consideration for you, Ned. And fer you, Carrie. Fer you, too.

CAPTAIN McCOBB

What *hev* they decided t' do?

LAWYER GROVER

The warrant fer George's arrest won't be served, Ned, if George can pay the sum of two thousand dollars into their hands by noon tomorrow.

CARRIE

[*Dazed*]: Two thousand dollars? By noon tomorrow?

LAWYER GROVER

At which time, the directors will accept his resignation and agree t' say no more.

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

[*Completely broken*]: Thank you, John.

BEN

And it's mighty generous of the directors, too!

LAWYER GROVER

No, 'tain't generous. It's business. They figure George must hev taken all of two thousand. They couldn't prove it in a court of law. They'd ruther hev their money back than put George in jail. I guess George would rather git that money, somehow, than go t' jail, wouldn't he?

CARRIE

Oh, we couldn't hev George goin' t' jail. . . . Nobody knows 'bout this? Only the company and us?

LAWYER GROVER

That's all, Carrie. So far. . . . And that's all I came t' say. [*To* BEN.] Now it's up t' you, young

fellow, t' see he don't git away. I guess you kin take care of him.

BEN

I guess I kin.

GEORGE

[*With sudden violence*]: It's all a god-damn frame-up. I never took a nickel.

LAWYER GROVER

D'you want t' take your chances on proving your innocence in Court?

GEORGE

Sure I do!

CARRIE

No, he don't want nuthin' of the sort. Thanks fer comin' over, Mr. Grover. It was real kind of you t take so much interest. We'll hev the money by noon tomorrow, somehow.

LAWYER GROVER

I hope so, Carrie. Good day, all.

[*He goes out leaving the family to dismayed silence Suddenly the whole thing strikes* BABE'S *funny bone.*]

BABE

[*At* GEORGE]: Well, you ain't changed much, hav you!

GEORGE

[*Angrily*]: What d'you mean?

BABE

I'll tell you what I mean. Dey's t'ree kinds a people in dis woild, see? One kind 'ud like t' be honest, only dey know it don't pay, so dey starts out to be crooks. An' de second kind wouldn't mind bein' crooks only *dey* know *dat* don't pay, so dey starts out to be honest like you an' Carrie done, Cap. Only your trouble was you was too trustin'! An' dere's a t'oid kind dat's just got cold feet an', whichever way *dey* starts out dey lose de old noive an' go de opposite way. An' dem's de washouts, George, an' you're one a dem. You're a washout.

GEORGE

You shut up or I'll break your back!

BABE

[*Scornfully*]: Aw, join de navy an' see de woild!

CARRIE

Now don't git t' wranglin'. . . . You're both as crazy as cats!

GEORGE

[*Savagely at* CAPTAIN MCCOBB *and* CARRIE]: An' don't you two be lookin' at me that way, neither!

CARRIE

[*As her father turns*]: Now, you quit, all of you! We got t' think what we're goin' t' do 'bout this. Seems like as if 'tain't one thing it's bound to be another, don't it? I wish the children hedn't took sick with this comin' on.

GEORGE

[*Stubbornly defensive*]: With what comin' on? Say! You're a fine wife to take everybody's word against mine. I'd think a man's wife 'ud believe him no matter what was said against him. It's what I might ha' expected of you, though, knowin' you like I do.

CARRIE

I'm sorry you ain't satisfied with the kind of wife I been t' you.

BEN

How long hev you been at this, George?

GEORGE

Ain't I told you I never. . . .

BEN

[*Persisting*]: How much you taken in all?

GEORGE

I ain't never taken one cent.

BEN

But if they hed spotters on you like Lawyer Grover said. . . .

GEORGE

What do I care what he said?

BEN

. . . Ever since Decoration Day!

GEORGE

I don't care if they had spotters ever since Christmas, it's a frame-up!

BEN

How about me this mornin'?

GEORGE

Yeah. You're just the same kind uv a brother-in-law as she is a wife. You're two uv a kind, all right. You McCobbs is all alike!

CARRIE

George! [*Sullen silence from* GEORGE.] Will two thousand cover what you took, George? [*Sullen silence from* GEORGE.] Will two thousand cover it? [*A pause, then*]:

GEORGE

Yeah. I guess so. I lost track, but I guess so.

CARRIE

[*Sighs*]: That's better. Now we kin begin t' figure things out. Don't you feel bad, Pa. It's my fault.

BEN

Your fault, sis?

CARRIE

Fer not tellin' Pa 'bout that other trouble George got into down in Boston.

GEORGE

That's right. Throw that up at me!

CARRIE

I ain't throwin' nuthin up at you. I ought t' hev told him. But I thought you'd learned your lesson.

Show's how much sense *I* got. I hedn't learned my lesson, hed I? Guess nobody ever learns nuthin' much in this world. . . . But don't you feel bad, Pa.

CAPTAIN McCOBB

[*He looks up and takes his daughter's hand*]: There ain't nuthin' goes wrong in this world, no matter how small, that you kin blame all of it on any one human daughter. Ain't no good in recriminations and hard words, now. I thought my troubles was over, but I kin see they ain't. [*He turns to* BABE]: You were right, young feller, when you said that 'bout honest men bein' too trustin' fer good sense. This ain't the fust time I made this mistake.

BABE

No?

CAPTAIN McCOBB

Once before, it cost me one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars t' clear my name. All I hed in the world. But I cleared it.

BABE

How was dat, Captain?

CAPTAIN McCOBB

[*Reaching back through a lifetime of delusion*]: It was an enterprise called "The Greenland Coal and Colliery Company." S' I t' my old friend Tim Newell "Tim," s' I, "there's coal in Greenland" and I sailed off t' Africa and fergot all about it. And when I com

ome again, Tim hed his "Greenland Coal and Col-
ery Company" all set up and sellin' stock like a
ouse afire and my name bein' used as president on
whole pile of circulars purportin' t' be the report
f one Thomas W. Wilkes, fust class minin' engineer
rom Colorado. Fust class hocus-pocus he turned
ut to be. Come t' find out, hedn't nobody in the
hole concern set foot in Greenland t' look at my
al. I was the president of a swindlin' scheme. S'
t' Tim: "Tim, what d'you mean by sech goin's on?"
e didn't say nuthin'. Jest went home up river here
nd tuk his boat out and went fishin'. Everybody said
is drowndin' was accidental. I paid the bills and
ought back every share of that stock. [*Back to*
EORGE.] I never held nuthin' against Tim. Seems
ke lookin' after the weak must be the price a real
an hes t' pay fer bein' able t' look after himself.
on't guess it's no different fer a real woman, Carrie.
ell!

While the old man talked, BABE *has seen the three* McCOBBS *live through their respective lives and rise again from the ashes. This impresses* BABE. *Only* GEORGE *is oblivious to it.*]

GEORGE

Maybe you'd like for me to go fishin' and not come
ck.

CAPTAIN McCOBB

No. I wouldn't want that.

BABE

You couldn't ask for anythin' fairer 'n dat, Georg

GEORGE

No. . . .

CARRIE

You ought t' git down on your knees and thank
after all the trouble you made.

GEORGE

All right. I do.

CAPTAIN McCOBB

You're Carrie's husband and your children are
grandchildren. We got t' git you clear. Seems fun
don't it, when I raised so much before, that I ca
think, now, where this two thousand's comin' fro
. . . I'll hit on somethin'. . . .

CARRIE

You kin mortgage the house, Pa.

CAPTAIN McCOBB

Eh?

CARRIE

You kin mortgage the house. I was aimin' t'
you t' do that. Fer my Spa. We kin let my Spa
and you kin do it fer George. Don't know what w
do without my Spa. But George comes fust, don't

CAPTAIN McCOBB

[*We wonder what it is he is holding back as*
stern eyes break down GEORGE'S *impudent look*]:
children and our name come fust, daughter.

CARRIE

You wouldn't mind mortgagin' the house, would you,
ı? Fer sech a good reason?

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

I'll hit on somethin'. . . . I'll hit on somethin'. . . .

CARRIE

I know you will.

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

Mebbe I kin git more time.

GEORGE

That's the idea. That's the way to talk. See, Car-
e? The Captain knows how to take this. He knows
don't amount to nothin'.

CARRIE

Nuthin'! Two thousand dollars, nuthin'!

GEORGE

What I mean is, he don't rub it in. An' you don't
ınt to rub it in, either. Because if you rub it in like
u done last time. . . .

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

Eh?

GEORGE

I'm just warnin' her, Captain. So she'll be a good
ort, too, like you are.

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

You're doin' no sech thing. You're tryin' t' make
ht of this. I'll not hev you makin' light of this!

GEORGE

No, I ain't, Captain. . . . I'm only sayin'. . .

CAPTAIN McCOBB

I'll not hev you makin' light of nuthin' any mo
'round this house!

GEORGE

Aw, for cripe's sake, Captain! It's too bad,
course, but, supposin' I did hold out on 'em, now a
then! Show me the collector who don't hold out som

CAPTAIN McCOBB

I'll not hev you justifyin' yourself.

GEORGE

Who's doin' that?

CARRIE

You are, George.

GEORGE

No, I ain't. I'm only sayin' what I done do
amount to so much if you look at it in the right spi

CAPTAIN McCOBB

I won't hev you makin' light of theft!

GEORGE

Makin' light a *what?*

BEN

Now don't git up on no high horse, George. W
you done *is* theft.

GEORGE

Maybe it is if you want to use big words. But I'd ke to know what right you three got talkin' tall to e?

CAPTAIN McCOBB

Eh?

GEORGE

Yes, I would! I'll be gettin' sore in a minute. Who as I graftin' for? Tell me that! Who got the oney? Didn't you three get it? An' them kids in- de? Didn't they get it? Supposin' I did buy a good r! Who's been ridin' in it?

CAPTAIN McCOBB

I ain't sure he hedn't better go t' jail, daughter!

CARRIE

[*In agony*]: No, Pa!

CAPTAIN McCOBB

I been an honest man all my life. Don't you hear m trying to make me out one of his kind?

GEORGE

I'm makin' you out nothin'. I'm tellin' you what's hat. How d'you think we been runnin' this house ke we have an' livin' like we done on the best of every- in'? I'll tell you how. Because I been givin' Car- e twice what my wages was. An' that's how that orks. Yeah. An' look at Brother Ben, drivin' up to e courthouse every mornin'—*in my car!* My car,

see, the same the lawyer was tellin' about him goi
to Portland to investigate yesterday! My car! Yo
McCobb's talkin' tall to me, an' me supportin' yo
by God! [*A babble of protest from the three* M
COBBS.] Wait a minute! . . . I'm tellin' you! . . .
I go to jail, there's three more goin' with me as acce
sories. You an' you an' you. . . . [*A finger at ea
of them, though his voice sticks again in* CARRIE
honor.] An' I'll see to that. So you haul on out
here, old salt, to that company office an' tell 'em
gotta have a good break an' see that I get it.

CAPTAIN McCOBB

You call me your accessory?

GEORGE

That ain't half what the courts'll call you if y
don't do like I'm tellin' you. Accomplice, fence, G
knows what. . . . [CAPTAIN McCOBB *starts for him*
Look out, now, Captain. [*He gets a table betwe
them.*] Don't start nothin' you can't finish.

[*A babble of protests.* BEN *holds his father.* BA
steps over in front of GEORGE. CARRIE *gasps*

BEN

Hold on, now, Pa! Keep cool.

BABE

None a dat! None a dat!

CARRIE

You ought t' be ashamed of yourself, George. [
her father.] We'll raise the money on the hou

won't be so much. We kin sell the car t' pay back
rt of it. And I'll earn the rest out of this Spa.
on't you worry, Pa.

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

Daughter, I . . . I don't know what t' do.

CARRIE

Jest don't worry.

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

'Tain't only the money. . . . That's bad enough.
t. . . .

CARRIE

I know. . . . But George didn't mean what he said
en. . . . Ain't that true, George? . . . Won't you
l Pa you're sorry? Fer what you said, I mean as
ll as fer what you done?

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

Would you believe him, daughter?

CARRIE

Oh, Pa, it *is* my fault! I ought t' hev told you not
trust him.

EORGE *winces, but holds his sullen peace.*]

CAPTAIN MCCOBB

You trusted him, didn't you?

CARRIE

[*Nodding miserably*]: Yes.

CAPTAIN McCOBB

So did I. 'Tain't your fault, daughter. It's mo mine than yours.

CARRIE

Pa!

CAPTAIN McCOBB

[*Darkening*]: It's more mine than yours, becau this won't be the fust time I helped George.

CARRIE

Not the fust?

CAPTAIN McCOBB

It ain't the fust time, is it, George?

GEORGE

[*Defiant*]: What if it ain't?

CAPTAIN McCOBB

What I done before t' git you out of that oth scrape, I done fer Carrie's sake. I done it because Ca rie set sech a store by you. I done it t' save Carri home.

CARRIE

Pa!

CAPTAIN McCOBB

[*A steady crescendo of anger*]: I'll do as much aga fer Carrie's sake and Carrie's home. As much a more! But Carrie ain't never goin' t' set no more sto by you nor you ain't goin' t' hev no more part Carrie's home!

GEORGE

Oh, ain't I!

CAPTAIN McCOBB

No. Nor no one here's goin' t' put no more trust n you.

CARRIE

[*Terrified*]: What you talkin' 'bout, Pa?

CAPTAIN McCOBB

I'm comin' to that, daughter. So as you won't never waste your love nor your trust on him again. I'm goin' t' hurt you, daughter. Fer your own good. There's hurts that are kinder than kindness.

CARRIE

[*Wild*]: What is it, Pa?

CAPTAIN McCOBB

A year ago this time your husband come t' me fer one thousand dollars.

CARRIE

What did you want with it, George?

GEORGE

None a your damn business. . . .

CAPTAIN McCOBB

I'll tell you, daughter. This husband of yours is a good-fer-nuthin' blackguard!

CARRIE

[*A stifled shriek*]: Pa!

CAPTAIN McCOBB

A good-fer-nuthin' . . . black. . . .

[*All expression vanishes from his face. He stares at her in dumb bewilderment.*]

CARRIE

What's the matter, Pa?

CAPTAIN McCOBB

Got t' git back t' the ship. . . . Got t' git back t' the bridge. . . .

[*He topples forward, falling full length on his face. A scream from* CARRIE. *General outcry.* BEN *and* BABE *rush to the old man's assistance.*]

BEN

Git him up on the table.

[*The* CAPTAIN *is turned over, being too heavy to lift.*]

BABE

Can't lift him. Better leave him still.

CARRIE

Pa! Pa! What's the matter?

[*The* CAPTAIN'S *only answer is the stertorous snore of apoplexy.*]

BEN

It's a stroke. It must be. . . . [*He calls.*] Jenny Jenny!

CARRIE

Can't you speak t' me, Pa? It's Carrie! Can't you speak t' me?

[JENNY *appears.*]

JENNY

Oh!

BEN

That you, Jenny? Git the doctor, quick!

[*They stand off.* CARRIE, *clinging to her father's hand sobs desperately.* JENNY *runs out.*]

BABE

A stroke, huh? Yeah. I hoid a dem.

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

ACT TWO

[*Scene: The parlor of the old* McCobb *house is beautiful with the cool, homely beauty of those merchant palaces which were built in Maine between the Revolution and the War of 1812. Its furniture is worthy of its proportions and its woodwork. The back wall is broken by a most lovely flat arch through which the first treads and newel of the flying stair are visible. The wall to the left of the audience is broken by two windows. It must be understood that the left wall is the façade of the house and it is from the left that those come into the entry who enter the house by the front door. A door in the right wall leads to the Spa. The walls are hung with old oils of sailing ships, the floor is covered with hooked and braided rugs. The curtains at the windows are inexpensive but charming. The lights are glass oil lamps—one or two of them large and several small. Moonlight bathes the lilacs of the door-yard.* Captain McCobb *lies in his coffin, surrounded by lovely branches of lilac bloom and placed, in the setting, with a discreet regard for the sensibilities of the audience. It is the evening of the same day.*

Jenny sits as far from the coffin as possible, staring before her in a kind of still horror. George is walking nervously about the room.

George

Here we been talkin' all this time an' we ain't come to no conclusion yet. [*No answer from* Jenny.] Aw, Jenny, don't be that way with me. I come in here t' keep you company. I thought it was terrible a Carrie t' put this off on you. . . . Carrie never thinks a nobody but herself.

Jenny

I was glad t' do it. Washin' up and workin' outside'l take her mind off her troubles. I didn't ask fer you company that I remember. I don't like dead men but there's worse things. You're a worse thing.

George

You're a fine one to say that to me!

Jenny

Micks like you never know when t' stop. *I* know. ain't goin' t' let you mix me up in this.

George

As if you wasn't mixed up in it already!

Jenny

I ain't nuthin' of the kind! . . . I'm through wit you. I been settin' here thinkin' and I'm through . . . 'Tain't alone on account of you gittin' caught

been settin' here thinkin' 'bout Carrie and how good
ie's been t' me. Carrie's treated me straight. I ain't
oin' t' double cross her no more. I wouldn't won-
er if I married Ben.

GEORGE

I would.

JENNY

Who's goin' t' stop me? You, mebbe?

GEORGE

Fat chance a Carrie ever lettin' any Kanuck marry
to the McCobb family!

JENNY

She wa'n't so fussy when *she* got married!

GEORGE

If you throw me over now. . . .

JENNY

[*Impudently*]: Now what hev you and me ever hed
do with each other that I could be in a position t'
row you over? Nuthin' that I remember.

GEORGE

Oh, hell!

JENNY

[*A pause, then craftily*]: What are you figurin'
do?

GEORGE

I ain't decided.

JENNY

Ain't Carrie decided? She'll git you out, wo
she?

GEORGE

How can she? All that money?

JENNY

Can't she raise it? She told me she could raise
on the house.

GEORGE

You know she can't raise nothin' on this house

JENNY

[*Impudently*]: And what should a poor little s
vant girl like me know 'bout things like that? .
Why don't you skip?

GEORGE

Skip?

JENNY

Yeah. Hop in the car and skip. It's better t
goin' t' jail, ain't it?

GEORGE

Would you come with me? [*She shakes her hea*
Why not? [*She shakes her head.*] We'd go to B
ton, Jenny. To New York. Chicago maybe.

JENNY

No.

GEORGE

Rather stay here an' wash dishes, wouldn't you

JENNY

I told you I was through and I meant it.

GEORGE

God, but it's fine the way you stand by me when you nk a who it was got me in wrong in the first place!

JENNY

In the last place, you mean. You was born in wrong. was I! . . . But as far as you and me is concerned, ook my chances just as brave as you took yours. . Mebbe more!

GEORGE

I know you did, Jenny.

JENNY

Well?

GEORGE

You better come along, though. I'm tellin' you. hen Carrie starts in tryin' to raise this money an' ls out she can't, she's goin' to begin askin' questions, 't she? Have you ever tried lyin' to Carrie?

JENNY

Never could. . . . But I heard you do it often ugh!

GEORGE

Vell, it's no cinch. . . . An' she ain't exactly in a stin' mood where I'm concerned now. . . . An' I to tell her somethin', ain't I?

JENNY

Couldn't you say the old man give you the money pay some doctor bills?

GEORGE

How d'you mean?

JENNY

Not that doctor! . . . You kin say they was f your mother.

GEORGE

Fat chance a Carrie believin' that!

JENNY

[*Desperate*]: Well, then, you jest *got* t' skip.

GEORGE

I'm willin'!

JENNY

Alone.

GEORGE

Aw, Jenny!

JENNY

I ain't comin' with you!

GEORGE

[*Darkly*]: Supposin' I was to tell Carrie the trut I guess you'd come then, wouldn't you?

JENNY

You wouldn't do that?

GEORGE

I dunno. I might.

JENNY

But. . . . [*Craft again*] How much cash you got
't?

GEORGE

A couple a hundred.

JENNY

You see? It's fer your own good, George! You
n't want no girl taggin' after you, now! You can't
ford it! You got t' skip too far and too fast! . . .
e hed a fine time while it lasted and now you're
ught and I'm through. So be a good sensible Mick
d beat it before there's any talk comes up, and
ve me here.

GEORGE

You're a pretty wise kid for a Kanuck, ain't you?

JENNY

What a girl can't learn in a Saco mill ain't worth
rnin'.

GEORGE

Saco! That's it! You're a damn Yankee, too!
u're just as hard as Carrie is.

JENNY

[*Craftily feeling her way*]: Carrie's no fool, either.
ptin' 'bout you. That's what I got on her. Carrie
n't understand Micks like I do, that's Carrie's

trouble. I hed all kinds in my day. Micks and P
and Portugee boys and a Swede—a couple of Sw
—and plenty of Americans and one Jew. Micks is
right and hunky dory when things is goin' good
when things ain't so good, Micks is terrible. You n
know *where* you are with a Mick. . . . Before you c
in here, I was thinkin' over all the fellers I ever
with and the only one I'd like t' see now is that Je
boy. He wa'n't no good on a party and he coul
dance fer sour apples, but I took sick, once, whi
was goin' with him, and, believe me, he was *there!*
he was in your shoes he wouldn't be askin' me to
after him on two hundred dollars. No, siree! H
beat it and keep his mouth shut and git himself a
and then, mebbe, he'd send fer me t' join him.
that's what you better do. And leave me here t'
after Carrie and see if I can't help her through.

GEORGE

Aw, Jenny!

[*He tries to touch her.*]

JENNY

Now, George, remember there's a dead man in
room and act proper. [GEORGE *shudders.*] Yeah.
kind of gives me the heebee-jeebies, myself! Shhh

BABE

[*Suddenly heard singing, as he enters by the f*
door to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocea

"My mother sells snow to de snow boids,
My brother sells synt'etic gin,
My sister sells love for a livin',
Good God, how de money rolls in!"

GEORGE

Say, is that any kind of a song to sing in the same om with a dead man?

BABE

What kind uv a song would *you* sing? [*He resumes.*]

"My father's a missionary,
He helps foreign ladies in sin,
He'll sell you a blonde for a dollar,
Good God, how the money rolls in!"

JENNY

If I was you, I wouldn't smoke in here, either.

BABE

What's de idea? Afraid de stiff'll catch fire?

GEORGE

No. 'Tain't that. She's thinkin' a the respect due the dead.

BABE

Aw, join de navy! He wouldn't care. He was regu-

JENNY

Maybe he wouldn't care. But Carrie would.

BABE

Why didn't you say dat in de foist place?

[*He extinguishes his cigarette and drops into the ch beside the coffin. Unconsciously, he lifts his f to a more comfortable position.*]

GEORGE

Say!

BABE

What?

GEORGE

Take your feet off that coffin.

BABE

[*Obeying*]: My mistake. . . . If I was presiden dis here U. S. A., I'd pass a law forbiddin' funerals. man can't act natural widin a mile a one. . . . I member one funeral I seen in France in de war. I f get de French name a de place. Dey must ha' t'irty stiffs dat day. An' a priest—Callahan, his na was, like us—an' a ordinary minister—chaplains, calls dem—an' a rabbi: It was de New York divisi An' I'm on duty, see? Presentin' arms an' all dat bu An' each one a de holies speaks his piece an', after de boys t'rew in de doit on de stiffs. An' what my goat so bad was de noise de doit didn't make w dey t'rew it in. Because dey didn't have no coffins, No coffins at all. Only gunny sacks. Each stiff i gunny sack. An' de doit on de gunny sacks didn't m

noise, see? When I hoid dat, a buddy a mine an' sneaks off behind a stone wall an' puts our lunch gether like a pair a god-damn love boids.

JENNY

I hevn't got no use fer funerals, neither. They don't nobody no good.

GEORGE

Remember Ma's funeral?

BABE

I didn't go.

GEORGE

I thought all ten of us was there!

BABE

Not me!

GEORGE

Where was you?

BABE

I went out. An' don't try gettin' slushy about Ma's neral. De last t'ing Ma did for me was club me wid stove lifter. An' dat wasn't no more'n an hour be-re she died.

GEORGE

Ma was terrible that night.

BABE

She was. Terrible. . . . It's a funny t'ing, de way ople die. Like gettin' de bum's rush when you least pect it. An' half de time on account a somethin'

somebody else started. Like de Captain, here, dead c account a what you done. [*The feet back, unco sciously.*] It's a funny t'ing, deat' is! Anyway you lo at it.

GEORGE

Funny as a crutch! Say, will you take your fe off that coffin?

BABE

[*Obeying again*]: Join de navy, will you? Me bei comfortable don't indicate no disrespect.

[*But he moves his chair so that he can rest his fe on a table. While he is moving,* BEN *enters fro the Spa, a toothpick in full swing.*]

JENNY

That you, Ben?

BEN

Yeah. What *you* doin' in here?

JENNY

Jest watchin' while Carrie washes up.

BEN

Well, you go out and help Carrie. I'll do t watchin'.

JENNY

I don't mind.

BEN

'Tain't no fit job fer you.

JENNY

I was terrible scared, Ben.

BEN

[*Almost tenderly*]: Sure, you was. Run along, now. JENNY *is going by the Spa door into the light and the clatter of dishwashing.* BEN *turns sharply to* GEORGE. *She pauses.*]

BEN

You git out, too. Don't want you in here. Don't want you anywheres near my father.

GEORGE

What harm am I doin'?

BEN

You done enough harm without doin' any more. Killin' my father. . . .

GEORGE

Wha'd' you mean, killin' your father?

BEN

If you didn't kill Pa, who did?

GEORGE

Nobody. He had a stroke.

BEN

What brought it on?

BABE

Now! Now!

BEN

You good-fer-nothin' pocket-pickin' taxi driver! I hed my way, you'd be strung up tomorrow forenoo that's what you would!

GEORGE

Oh, would I?

BEN

[*A little hysterical for the law*]: Yeah! Fer mu der, too! Ain't no other name fer it. You killed P jest as sure as if you done it with a gun.

BABE

I know how you feel, but. . . .

[*A row seems impending, when* CARRIE *comes in. I mediate silence. She is dressed as she was in t first act. She walks wearily over to the coffin a looks down at the dead man.*]

CARRIE

[*In a broken little voice*]: Oh, Pa! [*She kneels b side the coffin and prays a moment.* BEN *frankly sol* GEORGE *and* BABE *stand awkwardly. After a mome* CARRIE *rises and pats* BEN's *heaving shoulders.*] G t' be brave, Ben!

BEN

[*Through his tears*]: Oh, sis!

CARRIE

I know. We jest got t' remember he's better than we are. [*She sees* GEORGE *and* BABE.] You be

ttin' with him, George? And you, too, Babe? [*She rns back to* BEN.] I set with him a while. Then I pt t' thinkin' and I was afraid I'd lose control of my-lf, so I went in the Spa and washed up the dishes. . . Maybe I ought t' hev shut down t' night. But I ckoned we need every penny we kin git our hands on. Ve took in near four dollars since supper. [*She fishes her pocket and draws out a handful of dollar bills nd silver.*] That makes thirteen twenty on the day. Tain't so good fer Sunday, but 'tain't so bad fer this me of year. [*She goes deliberately about locking the oney in a drawer of an old desk, continuing, as she oes so.*] Seems like there ain't nuthin' matters in this orld but jest money. Church goin' don't matter, nor eyin' the law, nor keepin' house, nor the children be-' sick, nor nuthin'. Jest money. Leastways, seems at way t'night, don't it? [*She looks about at the hers.*] You all been so good t' me, t'night, I got call t' be goin' on like I'm doin'. You been good, too, nny. You git t' bed and git some rest. I'm keepin' e Spa open all day t'morrow, too, 'cept durin' the neral. And you'll hev t' look after everythin' in the renoon, because I got t' go acrosst river t' see what kin do with Lawyer Grover and the Company. So you t t' bed.

JENNY

[*Almost reverently*]: Good night, Carrie. Call me you want anythin'.

CARRIE

Be sure and remind me in the mornin' t' git som Camels when I go acrosst river. We're pretty nea out.

JENNY

I will, Carrie.

[*She goes up the stairs.*]

CARRIE

Want t' do somethin' fer me, Ben?

BEN

Yes, I do, sis. What is it?

CARRIE

Run down t' Nat Glidden's house and fetch him u here. He was t' begin work here t'morrow. I want talk t' him.

BEN

That all, sis?

CARRIE

That's all.

BEN

You'll hev t' come with me, George.

GEORGE

Me?

BEN

Can't leave the house without you.

CARRIE

Take him in the car, George.

[George *rises, surlily, and follows* Ben *out the front door.* Carrie *stands looking at her dead father.* Babe *watches her.*]

Babe

I expect dem kids a yours 'll feel pretty sore when ey hear about gran'pa's bein' gone.

Carrie

I expect they will. I ain't told 'em yet.

Babe

Dat's right! What dey don't know won't hurt 'em.

Carrie

No.

Babe

Maybe you don't never need to tell 'em. You c'n ay: Gran'pa's just stepped out or gone cruisin' or ometin' in dat line. An' dey'll forget.

Carrie

Guess that's 'bout true.

Babe

Sure it is! An dat's where dey got it over us like tent! Why I forgot more when I was a kid dan I ver remembered since.

Carrie

[*Still motionless beside the coffin*]: Did you?

Babe

[*Distressed*]: Carrie!

CARRIE

[*Her voice choking with tears*]: Yeah?

BABE

Don't be standin' dere dat way! It gets my goa
It'll get yours if you don't quit. . . . I know how
is. I been t'rough de same t'ing. An' de only way
get t'rough is to put your old man out a your mi
an' t'ink about somethin' pleasant.

CARRIE

[*Turning in agony*]: Oh, what?

BABE

Dat's so! Dere ain't much!

CARRIE

[*Turning toward him*]: I'm all right. Think
'bout Pa's pleasant. I loved Pa. Only 'tain't thinki
is it? What I was jest doin'. It's feelin'.

BABE

Maybe so.

CARRIE

Seems like folks kin *feel* 'bout no end of things, b
I don't reckon they *think* 'bout much 'cept money

BABE

Two t'ousand berries! Dat's enough to make a
body t'ink!

CARRIE

'Tain't that . . . I kin raise that on this hou

. . It's a good house. . . . The land ain't so much, ut it's placed handy and the house is stout as a trig-er. . . . No, I ain't worryin' so much over what hap-ens t'morrow. It's after t'morrow I'm thinkin' on.

BABE

[*His plans come in*]: After tomorrow?

CARRIE

The rest of the summer and the winter t' come. How e goin' t' make out lackin' Pa's salary? Don't see ow George is goin' t' earn much with this against him. ecause it's bound t' leak out some. . . . The worst ing is givin' up enlargin' the Spa. . . . Oh, I'm goin' try and see if Nat won't do the work on credit. But ain't got much hope. And the Spa, like it is, don't ake much more'n pin money.

BABE

You know what you're doin' to me?

CARRIE

What?

BABE

You're curin' me a my prejudice against women.

CARRIE

Am I? How?

BABE

Most women would ha' blamed George for what he one an' took on terrible over it.

CARRIE

I do blame him. But I never seen no good yet co
of takin' on.

BABE

You got a wonnerful character, Carrie.

CARRIE

Think so?

BABE

Yeah. . . . An' dat's what counts in dis wor
Character. By God, if it don't! Beauty fades, b
character goes on forever. You know. Huh? I do
know nothin' I admire like I do character. Da
George's trouble. He ain't got none.

CARRIE

He ain't got much.

BABE

But take me, now. I'm like you, Carrie. Not
good lookin' as some but just full a character.

CARRIE

Think so?

BABE

Wid a character like yours, I wouldn't wonder
t'ings toined out better'n you t'ink!

CARRIE

I'll be lucky if they don't turn out worse.

BABE

I suppose you're plannin' on stickin' to George like u said before?

CARRIE

He's my husband, ain't he?

BABE

Even stickin' to husbands has its limits.

CARRIE

Don't see what that's got t' do with it!

BABE

Well, as you was sayin' just now, I don't see how eorge'll be much use from now on.

CARRIE

No.

BABE

But I c'n see a way I might be a whole lot a use.

CARRIE

You?

BABE

Yeah. . . . I got to woik it out, yet. . . . But I c'n dat you an' me, wid our characters, was just made be partners.

CARRIE

You an' me?

BABE

Funny dat didn't strike you, too!

CARRIE

[*Suspiciously*]: You ain't suggestin'. . . .

BABE

I'm t'inkin' a business pure! I'm t'inkin a how could help you an' you could help me . . . after dis all over . . . so you wouldn't never have nothin' t worry you no more. Just gravy.

CARRIE

Gravy?

BABE

[*The front door opens.* BEN *appears.*] We'll ta about it later on. . . .
[NAT *and* GEORGE *follow* BEN *in.*]

NAT

Carrie, I was mighty sorry t' hear 'bout this.

CARRIE

Thanks, Nat. . . . 'T was nice of you t' come u

NAT

I'd hev come sooner, only I was down t' the brid head figurin' on a bunkhouse they want built there take care of the workmen.

CARRIE

It's all right. Sally was up early this afternoo She brought me most of them lilacs.

NAT

Kin I take a look at him?

CARRIE

Go ahead. [NAT *looks at the dead man.*] Looks tural.

NAT

Yeah. A little pale, mebbe.

CARRIE

That ain't surprisin'.

NAT

Well, he was a fine man, Carrie. We ain't never hed ne finer 'round here.

CARRIE

No.

NAT

Don't guess there's many of his kind left, now.

CARRIE

No.

NAT

Well, don't take it too hard. Hed t' happen sooner later, as I was sayin' t' Ben, comin' up. S' I t' Ben, I: He hed his ups and his downs, but he lived a grand e and I reckon he enjoyed it.

CARRIE

I certain do hope so.

NAT

He was proud of you and Ben, Carrie. Don't you git that . . . He was proud of the children, too.

CARRIE

Pity they got the measles and hes t' miss the funer

NAT

Yeah. And when he went, he went quick.

CARRIE

Yeah . . . Only I didn't ask you up t' talk 'bo Pa, Nat.

NAT

No?

CARRIE

No . . . 'Bout my kitchen.

NAT

[*His manner changing*]: Oh!

CARRIE

I wouldn't want you t' begin work t'morrow morni

NAT

I didn't guess you would.

CARRIE

But day after t'morrow's all right . . . that is . if you . . . if you was willin'.

NAT

I'm willin', Carrie.

CARRIE

I mean, things is kind of different now that Pa's g and there's somethin' I'd want you t' understand bef you was t' begin.

NAT

What's that?

CARRIE

Well, it's . . . I kin see I'm goin' t' be kind of essed fer money these next few weeks . . . And twelve ndred . . . Well, twelve hundred's a heap t' pay t fer a body who's got other expenses . . . And I t some unexpected obligations t' meet . . . Amount a couple of thousand dollars . . . 'Tain't as though hed any insurance, you see . . . He used t' hev in- rance, but he hed t' give it up quite a while back . . . id then George . . . He'll be quittin' the ferry now at Pa's gone. He wouldn't want t' keep on there thout Pa, would he? . . . So, seein' as I'll need all I n git my hands on t' meet them obligations I men- ned, I thought, mebbe you'd be willin' t' go ahead on e work and then . . . And let me pay you from time time, when I could, through the summer and fall . . wouldn't take so very long t' pay you twelve hundred llars. . . . I hate t' ask it, Nat. And I wouldn't ask . . . I don't like beggin' favors of nobody, not even l friends like you . . . It's only that I need it so d . . . Fer George and me t' live on . . . The ildren need it, too . . . My Spa's 'bout the only ng we got t' live on from now . . . You see how is . . .

NAT

[*Pause, then*]: Yeah, I see, Carrie. And I certain sh I could do it fer you.

CARRIE

You mean, you can't do it?

NAT

Well, I might, if 'twas later on in the season. Bu this early, I ain't got no cash t' go on, yet, and I' hev t' pay men and buy material, you know.

CARRIE

Yeah. I didn't think you could do it.

NAT

I'd like to.

CARRIE

Yeah. That's all I wanted t' ask you.

NAT

If I could see my way clear, later on, mebbe . .

CARRIE

Yeah. It don't matter.

NAT

Nuthin' else I kin do fer you?

CARRIE

[*She shakes her head*]: The funeral's at fo t'morrow.

NAT

Ben told me. I'm durned sorry, Carrie . . . Me be if you could pay me half . . .

CARRIE

[*She thinks a moment, then shakes her head again* It don't matter.

NAT

Well, I'll say good night, then.

He bids each of them good night, in turn, and in his most funereal manner. Just as he completes his round, the ferry whistle blows from the far side of the river.]

CARRIE

I jest can't hear that whistle without . . .

Her voice chokes. NAT *starts to go.* BEN *is following him.*]

NAT

[*Under his breath, indicating* CARRIE]: You stay re with her. I kin walk.

He goes.]

BEN

[*Tenderly*]: Why don't you go t' bed, Carrie?

CARRIE

I want t' stay here and talk t' George. You git your ep. When I git tired settin' here, I'll call you and u kin set a spell.

BEN

Don't think I ought t' sleep where I kin keep an eye George, do you?

CARRIE

No. He won't try nuthin' like that.

BEN

All right.

He goes up the stairs. CARRIE *turns to* BABE *and*

sees that he has become deeply engrossed in th family Bible.]

CARRIE

Babe!

BABE

Yeah?

CARRIE

Didn't you hear me say I wanted t' set here alon with George fer a spell?

BABE

No, I didn't, Carrie. I was readin' the Bible.

CARRIE

You kin take it along with you, if you want.

BABE

No, I wouldn't care to read no more. [*He return it to its place.*] I c'n see it's a good book, Carri only it's printed so funny . . . I'll just go upstai and . . .

[*He administers a vigorous slap to* CARRIE's *shoulde as he passes her on his way out.*]

CARRIE

[*After a pause, to* GEORGE]: I don't know how begin. [GEORGE *flinches nervously.*] Don't do tha I ain't goin' t' rub it in, as you say. I jest got t' te you some of what's on my mind.

GEORGE

What *is* on your mind?

CARRIE

I got two children t' raise. I can't help thinkin' of
em.

GEORGE

Yeah. I think uv 'em too.

CARRIE

Mebbe if you'd hev thought of them a little sooner,
we wouldn't be so hard put now.

GEORGE

There's no use sayin' that. You can't accuse me a
oldin' out on you.

CARRIE

I ain't accusin' you of nuthin'! You're my husband.
married you fer better or worse and you ain't been
o bad you couldn't hev been worse. You ain't been a
rinkin' man and you ain't never hurt me. You've
iven me plenty t' regret, but you ain't never made me
ad. Guess that's more'n most women kin say 'bout
eir husbands. I jest hev t' remember that. You
in't strong like I am and you don't think twice like I
o. Well, so long as you don't make me mad . . .

GEORGE

You're a pretty square shooter, Carrie. I got to
and it to you there. I'd think I done enough t' make
od Almighty mad.

CARRIE

I ain't God Almighty. Women don't git mad 'cept
or special reasons, George. Women's reasons.

Drinkin' makes women mad, of course. Too much
it. But treachery's what they hate most. Carryi
on with other women on the sly. Lyin' things like tha
You ain't been a bad husband on them grounds. Yo
been a good father. There's some worth in you.

GEORGE

Thanks.

CARRIE

But there's one thing you got t' promise me.

GEORGE

What's that?

CARRIE

You got t' promise me t' try t' be worthy of yo
children. 'Tain't enough fer children only t' love the
father. They want t' respect him, too. You got tw
of the sweetest children, George, that God ever ga
any man. I've yet t' hear I will or I won't from eith
one of them . . . Well, mebbe, some, since they to
sick with the measles. At that, they ain't as bad
many I've seen. So you jest got t' promise me, Georg
that you won't never again, never, do nuthin' that cou
make your children respect you less than children oug
t' respect their father. You got t' promise me tha

GEORGE

[*His voice sticking*] All right, Carrie. I promis

CARRIE

'Tain't as if you didn't love your children. I kn
you do. I know you wouldn't never *willin'ly*

eanin'ly do nuthin' t' hurt your children. Any more an you'd willin'ly or meanin'ly hurt me. Now we'll ver say one other word 'bout this. I'll go over t'morw and I'll see Lawyer Grover and I'll see the bank d I'll see the whole ferry company, if need be. And l jest make 'em give me mony or time or anythin' need t' git out of this mess. All I want you t' do behave yourself and make them children proud of u.

GEORGE

[*Diffidently*]: What would you say, Carrie, if you ' me was to go away from here? Pack up an' sell t an' go away an' begin new some place else? Out est, maybe. Where I ain't known. You been so uare with me, Carrie, I want to be square with you ' believe me, I will be, too, only I'm thinkin' . . . ell, people are bound to hear about what I done and l git a bad name 'round these parts.

CARRIE

[*Decisively*]: No!

GEORGE

Why not?

CARRIE

Runnin' away ain't no business. It's the same as in'. The best thing you kin do is stick here and *let* n find out. Ain't nuthin' a man can't live down if gives himself half a chance, and sets his mind to it. sides, we got the Spa here and that's somethin'.

Hang on t' what you got. That's my motto. Wha you ain't got mayn't be half as good.

GEORGE

But supposin' things don't go like you figure to morrow?

CARRIE

What's t' prevent?

GEORGE

Well, supposin' the bank ain't willin' t' give you th mortgage. What then?

CARRIE

[*Pause, then*]: We'll cross that bridge t'morrow.

GEORGE

You ain't scared a nothin' are you?

CARRIE

Don't know as I am! Now we hed our talk, I don' see nuthin' t' be scared of. [GEORGE's *head falls.* Don't you feel bad, George. Jest you remember wha Pa said. What was it? "Ain't nuthin' so small in th world that any one man's altogether t' blame fer it? You take comfort in that. Mebbe this is all jest a much my fault as it is yours.

GEORGE

Maybe so.

CARRIE

[*Suddenly peppery*]: Now don't you go blamin' m though, fer I won't hev it.

GEORGE

But you said . . .

CARRIE

I only said it t' comfort you. And you ought t' be shamed t' *be* comforted.

GEORGE

I only meant . . .

CARRIE

Never you mind *what* you meant! [*A knock at the ront door.*] Land's sakes! Who kin that be at this our? . . . Maybe Nat's comin' back again to recon-ider. [*Opening the door.*] Why, it's Lawyer Grover! Come right in, Mr. Grover!

[LAWYER GROVER *enters.*]

LAWYER GROVER

Carrie, I only jest heard. My old friend! My dear ld friend!

CARRIE

It's nice of you t' come over, Mr. Grover.

LAWYER GROVER

And it happened jest after I left!

CARRIE

'Bout ten minutes after. He died in 'bout an hour. He never knowed nuthin'. Wouldn't you like t' see im?

LAWYER GROVER

[*Looking—his voice choking*]: Ned! Ned McCobb!

CARRIE

He was a good friend of yours, Mr. Grover.

LAWYER GROVER

Ned McCobb! I knew him forty years. And mor

CARRIE

Looks peaceful, don't he?

LAWYER GROVER

He's at peace. [*Then feeling that he has not do himself justice.*] "Alas, poor Yorick! He was the n blest Roman of them all . . . The rest is silence . . . [*To* CARRIE, *confidentially.*] Shakespeare. Selected random.

CARRIE

Yeah. Pa won't mind.

LAWYER GROVER

[*Eyeing* GEORGE *sharply*]: At least, we know wh killed him!

[GEORGE *squirms wretchedly.*]

CARRIE

[*Loyally*]: Well, I guess Pa was pretty ne tuckered out, Mr. Grover.

LAWYER GROVER

You're a patient woman, Carrie. Like your fath in that. Patient and long sufferin'. I can't he thinkin' there ain't many men as honest as he w Assumin' debts that weren't in any wise his fer fear some shadow becloudin' his good name. Not like oth

could mention, slippin' out of one scrape only t' git ght int' another.

CARRIE

Mr. Grover, I'll hev t' ask you not t' make slurrin' marks 'bout George before me.

LAWYER GROVER

Mebbe you're right, Carrie. "Though I speak with e tongue of men and of angels and hev not charity, am become as soundin' brass or a tinklin' cymbal." 'ill I read t' you out of the Bible? Would it, mebbe, mfort you?

CARRIE

Mebbe 'twould.

LAWYER GROVER

[*His hand on the great family Bible*]: What part ll I read?

CARRIE

Guess that part 'bout Samson and the foxes is 'bout funny as any of it.

LAWYER GROVER

I wasn't thinkin' of makin' you laugh, Carrie.

CARRIE

Guess mebbe you better not read t' me. Never uld keep my mind on religion when I hed anythin' portant t' think 'bout.

LAWYER GROVER

Carrie!

CARRIE

I was comin' over t' see you t'morrow forenoo Mr. Grover, t' ask you what am I goin' t' do. You an old friend of my father's. What *am* I goin' t' d

LAWYER GROVER

Do, Carrie?

CARRIE

How am I goin' t' git that money? Pa was say jest 'bout the last thing he ever said, that he thoug mebbe the company 'ud give us more time. I'd or want a few days. I know I can't raise money on P estate till it is settled. You see, I jest *got* t' hev little more time.

LAWYER GROVER

What part of your father's estate were you pla nin' t' raise money on, Carrie?

CARRIE

Why, on this house! It's all there is t' Pa's esta

LAWYER GROVER

You can't get a second mortgage on this house

CARRIE

Second mortgage? I ain't talkin' 'bout no secc mortgage.

LAWYER GROVER

Don't you know that it's mortgaged already?

CARRIE

[*Thunderstruck*]: It ain't!

LAWYER GROVER

Fer a thousand dollars.

CARRIE

I don't believe it!

LAWYER GROVER

But, Carrie, your father came t' me t' arrange the
n for him. And I did it.

CARRIE

He never told me!

LAWYER GROVER

Where did you think the money came from?

CARRIE

[*Increasingly bewildered*]: What money?

LAWYER GROVER

The thousand dollars!

CARRIE

But I never heard. . . .

LAWYER GROVER

It was you the money was fer.

CARRIE

Me!

LAWYER GROVER

You hed t' hev it, he said.

CARRIE

I don't understand one word of this, Mr. Grover.
, God, Mr. Grover, if I can't raise money on this
ıse, where *am* I goin' t' git it from?

LAWYER GROVER

I wish I knew, Carrie.

CARRIE

But . . . Then George'll jest hev to . . . Oh, n
I couldn't hev that! They got t' give me time!

LAWYER GROVER

Carrie, 'twon't do you any good t' ask fer time, b
cause I'll hev t' tell the company that 'twon't do the
any good t' give it to you. I'd help you myself if
could. There isn't anythin' I wouldn't do t' help yo
father's daughter, if I could. But I'm a poor ma
. . . If you'll take my advice, you and your husba
both, he'll give himself up and plead guilty. Then y
kin pay back by degrees as you make your money o
of your Spa here. And he won't be in prison so long
he would be if he stood trial and got convicted . .
And when he gits out, in a year or so, you kin bo
sell this place and go away and start in all over agai
I know it's hard, Carrie. But I don't see what el
you kin do. Do you?

CARRIE

I'll hev to think, Mr. Grover.

LAWYER GROVER

I'm sorry, Carrie.

CARRIE

'Tain't your fault. The sooner we know the wor
the more time we hev t' think . . .
[*The ferry whistle blows.*]

LAWYER GROVER

There's the five minute warnin'. Your father's heard at whistle fer the last time, Carrie.

CARRIE

[*Her eyes on* GEORGE]: Yeah . . .

LAWYER GROVER

Well, I must git back acrosst river.

CARRIE

It was nice of you t' come over. I'll be over t' see u in the mornin' and tell you what we decide. [*Her es back to* GEORGE *again.*] Mebbe I'll bring George th me.

LAWYER GROVER

That would be best. Good night.

CARRIE

Good night. The funeral's at four t'morrow. Pa'd e it fer you t' come.

LAWYER GROVER

Of course.

l silence falls, LAWYER GROVER *thinking of nothing to say. Then he goes over to the coffin and looks down once more at his dead friend.*]

Well, Ned! Your troubles are over! [*He returns* CARRIE.] Good night, Carrie.

CARRIE

[*Mechanically, her eyes still fastened on* GEORGE]:

Good night, Mr. Grover. [*She lets him out by the fr*
door. Then immediately the door is closed after h
turns back to GEORGE.] What was it you wanted t
money fer, George?

GEORGE

I didn't want it—I——

CARRIE

Pa got it fer you.

GEORGE

Who says?

CARRIE

Pa said so this mornin'.

GEORGE

I didn't hear him. He must ha' been talkin' wil

CARRIE

He said he got you out of a scrape a year ago t
time. That scrape and this money is the same thi

GEORGE

What makes you think so?

CARRIE

What was it Pa meant by that scrape if they wa
the same? What was the scrape he meant?

GEORGE

How do I know? He was talkin' wild.

CARRIE

He did give you the money, didn't he?

GEORGE

He lent me some.

CARRIE

A thousand dollars?

GEORGE

Pretty near that.

CARRIE

What fer?

GEORGE

[*Cornered and floundering*]: Well . . . It was for he doctor bills.

CARRIE

Doctor bills!

GEORGE

Yeah. I had to pay some doctor bills.

CARRIE

What kind of doctor bills?

GEORGE

For my mother.

CARRIE

Your mother's dead.

GEORGE

Sure, she is. But she couldn't die without bein' sick, ld she?

CARRIE

She's been dead fer ten years.

GEORGE

Yeah. What a that? Nobody never paid the dd
tor an' he was goin' to sue me.

CARRIE

Were you responsible? How about the rest of t
family?

GEORGE

I was the only one he could locate. [*And he ad
hotly.*] I didn't want no discredit bein' cast on n
mother's memory, did I? My poor old mother, lyi
in her grave . . . dead, too . . . an' still owin' do
tor bills! D'you wonder I wanted to pay up? You'
always goin' on about honor an' honesty.

CARRIE

Why didn't Pa tell me?

GEORGE

Well, I made him promise not to.

CARRIE

Why d'you do that?

GEORGE

Well, I was ashamed for you to know.

CARRIE

Don't see much t' be ashamed of in payin' yo
mother's doctor's bills.

GEORGE

Can't you understand? After the way I was sick

uch an' all? . . . An' after what happened down in oston? You understand, Carrie. I was ashamed to ake you any more trouble.

CARRIE

Pa said a "scrape." I don't believe you, George.

GEORGE

I can't help that.

CARRIE

Will you swear it?

GEORGE

On anythin' you like.

CARRIE

On the Bible? Because I got t' know, George. I ot t' know you wasn't doin' nuthin' wrong. If I'm oin' t' keep on stickin' t' you and standin' by you, I ot t' know that. Will you swear it on the Bible?

GEORGE

Sure I will!

CARRIE

Lay your hand on it and swear after me.

GEORGE

[*Obeying*]: Go ahead.

CARRIE

I solemnly swear . . .

GEORGE

I solemnly swear . . .

CARRIE

That I got that thousand dollars off'n Capta
McCobb . . .

GEORGE

That I got that thousand dollars off Captain McCob
. . .

CARRIE

Deceased . . .

GEORGE

[*His voice sticking a little*]: Deceased . . .

CARRIE

For the purpose I hev stated . . .

GEORGE

For the purpose I hev stated . . .

CARRIE

An' for no other . . .

GEORGE

And for no other . . .

CARRIE

And I call upon the dead t' bear witness . .

GEORGE

An' I call upon the dead. . . . Do I got to say tha
too? [CARRIE *nods.*] An' I call upon the dead
bear me witness.

CARRIE

All right. I'll try t' believe you, George. I want
believe you.

In their excitement they have not heard BABE'S *step on the stairs. He stops when he sees what is toward, and stands in the shadow, watching and listening.*]

GEORGE

You see, we got to go away. There ain't nothin' se we *can* do.

CARRIE

You mean fer us t' skip off now.

GEORGE

D'you see any other way out?

CARRIE

But I couldn't skip off! I couldn't! We jest got stand up in our shoes, George, and trust in the Lord. ' we can't do that, we ain't much good, are we? There n't nuthin' but what Lawyer Grover said!

GEORGE

Plead guilty? You *want* me to go to jail, don't you?

CARRIE

No, I don't. . . . Only I can't think what else. . . .

GEORGE

I'll tell you what else. I'll skip out now. Without ou. And send back after you.

CARRIE

And leave me here after I give my word t' Ben? eave Ben and me in all that trouble?

GEORGE

How about me? Ain't I in trouble enough to sui
you?

CARRIE

Yeah, but . . . I got t' think of Ben, too, you know
I can't git him in trouble, too!

CARRIE

Who comes first? Your brother or your husband

CARRIE

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

GEORGE

Hold on to yourself! Hold on! Somebody'll hea
you!

CARRIE

I can't help it! I don't want you t' go t' ja
but . . . You see what comes of . . . Oh, Pa! Pa!

GEORGE

Shhh! [*She controls herself.*] That's better. . .
Now get me some grub. . . .

CARRIE

What fer?

GEORGE

So I won't have to stop to eat on the way. Becau
I'm goin' an' I'm goin' now. . . . [*He turns toward th
door and sees* BABE.] Where in hell did you con
from?

BABE

[*Pause; then*]: I come down just when you was oikin' dat funny business wid de Bible. I been listenin' er since.

CARRIE

You ain't!

BABE

I told you before I had a idea, didn't I? You don't ot to do nothin' desperate, Carrie. I might give you is cash you want fer tomorrow.

GEORGE

Oh, God, Babe! I never thought a that!

CARRIE

Would you help George and me?

BABE

Well, dey's one or two conditions. . . .

CARRIE

What are they?

GEORGE

What do we care what they are? We're up against .

BABE

Worse 'n you was when I went upstairs?

CARRIE

The house is mortgaged already. By Pa. And I ever knowed.

BABE

[*Thinking fast*]: Oh! So dat's what de t'ousand dollar Bible oath was all about! . . . Now, wait a minute . . . wait a minute. . . . Carrie, what you need is a nap. . . . You'll feel a lot better an' I want a few woids wid George alone. . . .

CARRIE

Why don't you tell me?

BABE

[*Very persuasively*]: Let me do it my way, will you please?

CARRIE

Mind, though! I ain't bound by nuthin' I don't know 'bout!

BABE

Surest t'ing you know! [*She goes upstairs.* BABE *watches her out. The instant he is certain that she is out of hearing, he swings on* GEORGE *in a fierce whisper.*] Now I want to know what you been spendin' your money on.

GEORGE

Different things.

BABE

Women? I want de facts, now!

GEORGE

Some.

BABE

Jenny?

GEORGE

Yeah.

BABE

De t'ousand, too?

GEORGE

She got knocked up.

BABE

By you?

GEORGE

Who d'you think?

BABE

An' de old man give you de jack?

GEORGE

He kicked some, but he come through.

BABE

What kind uv a line did you hand him?

GEORGE

I told him it was an old girl threatenin' suit for reach of promise.

BABE

What den?

GEORGE

Then I sent Jenny down to a doc in Boston who elped me out before.

BABE

An' you give him de t'ousand?

GEORGE

There was other expenses.

BABE

So you an' Jenny's de reason why Carrie's up agains it now?

GEORGE

An' you can imagine how terrible that makes me feel

BABE

I wouldn't ha' sworn on no Bible. . . . If you as me, you belong in jail. An' anythin' I do ain't in tended for your benefit. You had about all the bene fits dat are comin' your way. But I got my idea sti an' dis makes it better'n ever! . . . An' now dat I go you where I want you, we come to de conditions.

GEORGE

Shoot!

BABE

From now on you take your orders from me aroun here widout opposition.

GEORGE

What are *you* goin' to be doin' around here?

BABE

Me an' Carrie's goin' into business as partners.

GEORGE

A fat chance you got, startin' anythin' with Carrie!

BABE

I'd sooner get funny wid grandma than start any-
n' like you mean wid Carrie.

GEORGE

Well, what *is* the racket?

BABE

I'm comin' to dat. De point is dat I'm de boss
e from now on an' you're on probation.

GEORGE

Does it look to you like I'm in any position to argue?

BABE

I'll say it don't!

GEORGE

I wish you luck, that's all. Livin' with Carrie ain't
f the picnic you think it is.

BABE

She's got too much character for you. Dat's your
uble. It won't be mine. An' you c'n have your
opy home back again when I'm done here. . . . Now,
at's all clear to you, you c'n call Carrie. [*He draws
vallet from his breast pocket and begins counting
s.*] Five hundred. One t'ousand. Fifteen hundred.
o t'ousand.

[GEORGE *is watching him, staggered by the sight of much money. Their eyes meet.* GEORGE, *great excited, runs to the foot of the stair.*]

GEORGE

[*Calling up*]: Carrie! Carrie!

CARRIE

[*From above*]: Yes? [*She comes down the stair a back into the room.*] Well?

BABE

Here's four five-hundred dollar bills. Dat mak two t'ousand, don't it?

CARRIE

Five hundred each one? I never seen sech big bil

BABE

I need big bills in my business.

CARRIE

What *is* your business?

BABE

Real estate.

CARRIE

I kind of thought mebbe 't was liquor.

BABE

Yeah, it is.

GEORGE

Huh?

CARRIE

don't mind. Pa an' I never did hold with prohibi-
n. It's awful nice of you t' lend this t' George.

BABE

Not to George, I ain't lendin' it!

GEORGE

He's lendin' it to you, Carrie. It's the same thing.

BABE

And I ain't exactly lendin' it either, because she
't have to pay it back.

CARRIE

Oh, I *would* pay it back! I'd ruther! D'you think
take it any other way? And it's awful nice of
, Babe.

BABE

No, it ain't. I'm investin' dis jack.

CARRIE

Puzzled]: How's that?

BABE

got close on fifty t'ousand dollars wort' a stock
n de river at Georgetown. Dem Federal boys got
ttle uv it yesterday. If I don't get it out a dere,
ll find de rest uv it. I can't get it out in trucks
use dey're watchin' for me. De only t'ing I can
s get it out in boats. If I do dat, I gotta find
e place to land an' store it, ain't I? Well, you got

a fine big barn an' you stand in good with dem boy
As far as I c'n see, dis place is just ideal.

CARRIE

Oh!

BABE

An' dat ain't all! . . . I come here in de foist pla
wid dis in mind. Now t'ings has broke my way so goo
I'm figurin' to go right on operatin' from here. A
dat's my proposition. I'm offerin' to lease dis joi
indefinite for de sum a two t'ousand dollars an' it's
high rent, too!

CARRIE

'Tain't so high fer sech a risky business.

BABE

I ain't goin' no higher, if dat's what you mean.

CARRIE

If we got raided, I'd git in trouble, wouldn't I?

BABE

You said it was a risky business.

CARRIE

An' if I was t' git in trouble, what 'ud become of
children?

BABE

You got to take your chances on dat.

CARRIE

[*A pause, then*]: No. Thank you, but I could

GEORGE

Twon't be for long, you know, Carrie.

BABE

You're a great girl, Carrie, an' I'm all for you. ly t'ink twice.

CARRIE

I can't think. I'm too tired.

BABE

All right. . . . I'll t'ink for you. . . . How's dis nd? . . . You got t'ree chances to choose from. De st is skippin' wid George, an' spendin' all de rest a ır life on de watchout for de police, movin' here movin' dere, no steady woik, hidin' in big towns in nps an' tenements, till George gets fed up an' leaves flat or gets nabbed, maybe, an' leaves you flat way. . . . De second is stayin' here alone widout orge an' starvin' on what you can make out a de Spa a mortgage over your head till de bank gets tired aitin' an' takes de old house away from you. . . . de t'oid is takin' a chance on me.

ARRIE *begins to cry softly.*]

GEORGE

For cripe's sake, Carrie! There ain't nothin' to it! n't you think a the kids?

ill crying, CARRIE *shakes her head.*]

BABE

Don't say I didn't warn you. Oh, God, I coit' feel sorry for dem kids! I coitn'ly feel sorry dem!

[CARRIE *shakes her head again.*]

GEORGE

There's your Yankee character for you, Babe! Sh let the kids go to hell rather than hurt her damned conscience!

BABE

Dat's a point, too, Carrie. You shy away from little bootleggin' deal which may be illegal, but it a no crime. An' a minute ago you was on de voig connivin' to help George escape from a convictio grand larceny!

GEORGE

Take time to think it over, Carrie!

CARRIE

I tell you I can't think! I can't think at all!

BABE

I'll let you keep de money, if you want. An' c'n give me your answer in de mornin'.

GEORGE

I guess that's fair enough, ain't it?

BABE

[*Drops the bills in her lap*]: Take it, Carrie. yours if you want it.

CARRIE

Looking up desperately]: But why? What good I be t' you?

BABE

God, ain't I explained all dat? Ain't dis place just at I need? Ain't it got a good name an' a stand in everybody? Ain't your Spa a fine blind t' work ler? Ain't it got you wid your sense an' your noive your character t' keep it out a trouble?

CARRIE

But I don't like it. I don't want t' git mixed up in sech business. And I don't want t' git my children ed up in it!

GEORGE

Carrie, for God's sake!

CARRIE

Frantic—springing to her feet]: Give me a min- can't you? I'm tryin' t' do the right thing! I got pullin' me one way and Pa pullin' me another and children pullin' me a third! I don't want you t' go ail! But, God A'mighty, I got t' hang on t' some- ' I believe in! I got t' hev somethin' left that's ent! Give me a minute, can't you? Jest give me . . [*In her hysterical excitement, she strides about room. She sees or hears something outside the se which stops her dead.*] George. . . .

GEORGE

Yeah?

CARRIE

Who . . . Who's that out in the dooryard?

BABE

[*Frightened*]: Huh? Where?

CARRIE

There's somebody out in the dooryard. . . . Sl
out in the entry and see. It's dark out there. . .
[GEORGE *goes and is seen crouching beside the fro*
door, looking through the side panes.]

GEORGE

[*Rising from his inspection*]: Well! [*He returns*
Aha! [*He smiles broadly at* BABE *and from* BABE
CARRIE.] D'you want to know who's out there, Bab
my boy?

CARRIE

Who?

GEORGE

The whole prohibition unit, that's who.

BABE

[*Frightened*]: Huh?

GEORGE

Yeah! . . . [*A broad smile of triumph.*] Th
ain't come for Carrie or me, neither. It looks to
like they got the house surrounded, too. It looks
me like the boss around here ain't sittin' so pretty
of a sudden!

CARRIE

What you gittin' at, George?

GEORGE

Who am I gettin' at, you mean! I'm gettin' at this
e brother a mine, that's who! We got his money,
t we? Well, what's to prevent me from openin'
door an' invitin' the boys in? They take Babe
y with 'em and we sit tight, all hunky dory an' a
l wide!

BABE

Furiously, at GEORGE]: You try anythin' like dat!

GEORGE

At BABE]: Ha! Ha!
e starts for the door, BABE *in pursuit.*]

CARRIE

Wildly]: George! [*Her tone stops both of them.*]
back from that door! Git back, d'you hear me?
spite of themselves, they obey.] Land's sakes!
GEORGE]: Of all the low down, gormin tricks ever
eard on! . . . Betrayin' the man you're most be-
den to! . . . That's the worst you done yet! [*To*
GE]: You got no call t' git so heated! Did you
k I'd let George do anythin' as mean as that? What
l of people d'you think us McCobbs is, anyway?
keep a hold of yourself and I'll keep a hold of
rge! [*A knock at the front door.*] Quiet, now!
. I'll 'tend t' this myself! [*Like two moths,* BABE
GEORGE *flit toward the coffin and immerse them-
es in mourning.* CARRIE *glares scornfully at them*

and then goes to open.] Why, Henry Butterworth, all people!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

[*Appearing in the door*]: 'Evenin', Carrie!

CARRIE

Whatever you doin' here at this time of night?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

I certain do hate t' disturb you, Carrie.

CARRIE

Well, so long as you're here, you may as well co in. You know you're always welcome. [*He ente eyeing* BABE *with the coldest and most intense suspici His partner follows him, replacing him in the doo* If you ain't brought that partner of your'n with yo [*To the* 1ST FEDERAL MAN] Don't be standin' the like you didn't hev good sense! Come in and shet t door! You'll hev the whole house chuck full of Ju bugs! [*He obeys, meekly.* CARRIE *follows the situ tion down into the room.*] Well, Henry?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

The law's the law, Carrie!

CARRIE

Guess I knowed that without you comin' all this w t' tell me!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

The liquor law's took a sudden interest in yo house!

CARRIE

'Tain't that quart of rum you left here this mornin'?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

No. [*Indicating* BABE]: On account of that gen-man.

BABE

[*Beginning*]: Me?

CARRIE

Go 'long, Henry!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

We want t' know what he's doin' here, Carrie.

BABE

Didn't I told you dis mornin'?

CARRIE

You don't think he's a bootlegger!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Would I be here now if I didn't hev good reason t' nk so?

CARRIE

Well, I declare!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

And if he'll jest step outside with me a minute, I'd e fer him to meet a friend of mine from George-n.

CARRIE

Who'll that be?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Snitch Perkins, Carrie.

CARRIE

Snitch Perkins who keeps the store down t' Georg
town?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Yes, Carrie. Snitch thinks he knows this gent
man.

CARRIE

Why would anybody step out of his way t' m
Snitch Perkins, I'd like t' know?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Would you rather I asked Snitch in?

CARRIE

Can't abide Snitch Perkins. Never could abide hi
Pa didn't hev no use fer him, neither.

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Can't help that, Carrie!

CARRIE

I declare I'm beginnin' t' suspect you don't kn
who this gentleman is!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Guess I know *what* he is, though. I ain't been do
t' Georgetown all afternoon fer nuthin'! [*To* BABE
Where's the rest of that liquor!

BABE

What?

CARRIE

The whole town's been talkin' 'bout nuthin' but this
ıtleman all afternoon. You call yourself a govern-
ıt detective and you ain't heard that he's my hus-
ıd's brother come t' pay us a visit!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

[*Thunderstruck*]: He ain't!

CARRIE

D'you think my husband's brother 'ud be mixed up
sech like goin's on?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

wouldn't want t' think so . . . but . . .

CARRIE

Did you ever hear of me bein' mixed up with boot-
gin'?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

No, I didn't, Carrie, but . . .

CARRIE

You kin take my word fer him, can't you?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

'd like to, Carrie, but . . .

CARRIE

Did the law ever tell you t' come intrudin' on a house
mournin' on account of what that durned fool
ch Perkins said?

2ND FEDERAL MAN

o, it didn't, Carrie, but . . .

CARRIE

Henry Butterworth, I'm ashamed of you!

2ND FEDERAL MAN

[*Miami after the hurricane*]: Carrie, I'm asham of myself!

CARRIE

[*To hide* BABE's *sigh of relief*]: You ought t' b Now let me make you acquainted with George's brothe Mr. Callahan, Mr. Butterworth.

2ND FEDERAL MAN

I'm real pleased to meet you, Mr. Callahan, and beg your pardon. I certain do.

BABE

[*So nobly*]: Don't mention it, Mr. Butterwort Well, what d'you know?

CARRIE

Better git 'long home t' your bed, now, Henr Reckon mebbe you're better at sleepin' than sleuthi

2ND FEDERAL MAN

Reckon mebbe you're right, Carrie. Good night, a

BABE

Good night.

CARRIE

[*Letting him and his partner out*]: Good nigh Henry. [*She calls after them*]: Funeral's at four t morrow, Henry!

[*She closes the door.*]

BABE

[*Under his breath*]: Join de navy an' . . .

CARRIE

[*Turning on him*]: Guess that's answer enough fer
u! I'll hev t' take my chances on your proposition.
here ain't nuthin' else I *kin* do. But don't you be
inkin' I don't see through you! You're takin' ad-
ntage of me jest the same as your brother took ad-
ntage of my Pa. You two are brothers jest the same
Pa an' me's father and daughter. You're two of
kind and Pa and me's two of a kind. Your pair's got
e pair of us licked. I got one thing over Pa, though.
's dead of his lickin', but I ain't dead of mine! Not
a long sight, I ain't!

BABE

[*As she slams the bills into the desk drawer*]: You
t'nly got character, Carrie!

CARRIE

Well, you watch out! You jest watch out!

[CURTAIN]

ACT THREE

ACT THREE

ENE: *Seven o'clock on the morning of the day following; bright, beautiful, June again, in the same room.*

RRIE *is sitting beside her father's coffin, sewing diligently on a black blouse. In the distance a blast goes off. She starts up, listens, then goes to the window. She looks out.*

NNY *comes down the stair. Seeing* CARRIE, *she stops uncertainly, wondering, it would seem, if* CARRIE *has found out about her.* CARRIE *turns, still at the window, sees her and smiles.*

CARRIE

Mornin', Jenny!

JENNY

[*Relieved*]: Mornin', Carrie. [*Another blast.*] nd's sakes, what's that?

CARRIE

Blastin'. They begun on this end of the bridge. u kin see the smoke and the dust flyin'. Wouldn't thought there'd be so much dust this early in the r.

JENNY

A dry June means a dry summer.

CARRIE

Yeah. And a lean one. The lilacs was early thi year, too. See! They're beginnin' t' go this mornin' Lilacs is sech sad flowers. Like cosmos and golden rod. I kind of fancy 'em, though. [*She has opened th window and broken off some sprays of lilacs; she take them over to the coffin, and lays them upon it.*] See the brown comin' in the blossoms. Pa used t' fancy lilacs. Pa was proud of his lilacs.

JENNY

You ain't been settin' here all night, hev you, Carrie

CARRIE

Oh, no! I set here till 'bout two o'clock. Then Be come down and he set here a spell with me and then went up and got some sleep. Real sound sleep, too. was surprised.

JENNY

You must hev been tired.

CARRIE

[*Nodding*]: I slept right through till five so I ain' only been settin' here for two hours or so since I sen Ben back t' bed. Ben needs so much sleep. . . . I go your fire started and the coffee's all on and all.

JENNY

You oughtn't t' hev bothered with that, Carrie.

CARRIE

You'll hev enough t' do t'day. I'm goin' acrosst river
n the eight o'clock ferry if I kin git ready in time.
nd we'll keep open no matter what folks say 'cept fer
n hour durin' the funeral. . . . What was it I asked
ou t' remind me t' git acrosst river?

JENNY

Camels.

CARRIE

Oh, yeah! Lucky Strikes is low, too. . . . Here, I'll
ive you some money fer the cash register. . . . [*She*
nlocks the drawer of the desk and takes out some
hange. She gives silver and a bill or so to JENNY,
lking on as she does so.] Will you listen t' me talkin'
t random when I got somethin' so important t' say t'
ou, Jennie!

JENNY

[*Frightened again*]: T' me, Carrie. What is it?

CARRIE

You'll hev t' be lookin' fer another place now.

JENNY

[*Breathless*]: Why. . . . Why's that?

CARRIE

Well, you see, I come into some pretty heavy ex-
enses.

JENNY

[*Relieved*]: Oh, if that's all that's botherin' you,
ou don't need t' worry 'bout my wages.

CARRIE

I ain't goin' t' enlarge the Spa for a spell yet, so kin manage all right.

JENNY

It'll keep you pretty busy, Carrie.

CARRIE

It'll keep me as busy as a one-armed paper-hange but what I can't afford I can't afford and that's a there is to it.

JENNY

I wouldn't want t' leave you, Carrie, even if yo don't pay me nuthin'. I'd feel like I was jest worki 'round home. Girls don't git wages for workin' 'roun home, do they?

CARRIE

It's real sweet of you t' say that, Jenny. But can't let you stay. And I don't think you'd like it much here the way it's goin' t' be from now on.

JENNY

What's goin' t' be different?

CARRIE

'D ruther not say.

JENNY

[*Boldly*]: If you kin stand it, I kin. If you kin st here, I want t' stay. I don't never want t' leave yo Please don't send me away!

CARRIE

I'm thinkin' mebbe I'll hev t' send the children away,
o.

JENNY

[*Horrified*]: Carrie!

CARRIE

You kin see from that how different things is goin'
be.

JENNY

But, Carrie, what's goin' t' happen?

CARRIE

I can't explain, Jenny, and you mustn't say nuthin'
nobody neither. You jest tell people Carrie Mc-
bb's sech a crank you'd ruther die than work fer her
y longer.

JENNY

[*Violently*]: I'd ruther die than go away!

CARRIE

Ain't you learned yet you can't always hev your
uthers?

JENNY

[*Crescendo*]: I won't go! You got t' let me stay!
CARRIE *shakes her head.*] Please, Carrie! I'll jest
t in trouble if you don't keep me here. Honest, I will,
rrie! You'll make me go back t' the mill t' work!

CARRIE

You'll git in worse trouble here. I'll try t' find a
od place fer you myself, so's you won't hev t' go

back t' no mill under no condition. [*As* JENNY *begin to protest again.*] But you jest simply got t' go Jenny. You got t' go, because I wouldn't want t' tak no responsibility fer nobody livin' here from now on This ain't goin' t' be a safe house t' live in from now on

JENNY

[*Sobbing*]: I don't care! I don't want t' go!

CARRIE

[*Comforting her*]: Run along, now, and git breakfast and git the Spa opened up fer business while I g the children tidied up. . . . Might bring me up som warm milk and a bit of dry toast fer the children's breakfast. . . . Git along with you, now, Jenny. Here George comin' downstairs. . . . Don't want him t' se you cryin', do you?

[JENNY *goes, sobbing, into the Spa. A clatter o dishes is heard from time to time.* GEORGE *appears on the stairs and enters.*]

GEORGE

That you, Carrie?

CARRIE

Mornin', George.

GEORGE

Fine mornin', ain't it? [*He comes over, hugs h and then, as they say, gives her a kiss.*] Good o Carrie!

CARRIE

What's on your mind?

GEORGE

Nothin'. . . . Why?

CARRIE

It's some time since you kissed me good mornin', 't it?

GEORGE

I'm turnin' over a new leaf an' fixin' to treat you ht.

CARRIE

[*The least bit quizzical*]: Jest plumb full of good entions, ain't you?

GEORGE

[*Hurt*]: Why shouldn't I be?

CARRIE

You know what they say 'bout the pavement of hell!

GEORGE

You'll be sorry you said that to me to-day. I'm ginnin' life all over to-day.

CARRIE

[*A little quizzical*]: Well, I suppose you think kiss- a good beginnin'! This time, though, you got to an it, George, and I wonder if you got it in you t' an anythin' fer more than two shakes of a lamb's ?

GEORGE

'll show you.

CARRIE

I ain't goin' t' believe nothin' *but* showin'. Not thi time I ain't.

GEORGE

You certainly can take the heart out uv a man You Yankees is all alike!

CARRIE

What's wrong with us Yankees?

GEORGE

I come downstairs all set to go straight and firs you sneer at my good intentions an' then you as goo as tell me you don't believe 'em anyway.

CARRIE

[*Quizzically hopeful for a moment*]: Land's sake If you are showin' some signs of gumption, we'll mebb be able t' see this through, George!

GEORGE

A man's wife ought to believe an' trust him even nobody else does! Ain't that so?

CARRIE

[*Disillusioned again*]: You said that yesterday whe you was lyin' t' Pa 'bout stealin'.

GEORGE

I ain't talkin' about yesterday. . . . I'm simply as in' you what chance do I get, with everybody arou this joint suspectin' me an' persecutin' me an' houndi me! I got *some* feelin's, you know. I'm sensitive!

CARRIE

You ain't nuthin' of the sort! You're jest or'nery! ho's houndin' you?

GEORGE

Ain't you begun on it already? An' ain't I got our brother Ben after me, watchin' me an' drivin' e crazy?

CARRIE

Ben'll hev no more hold over you after this mornin'.

GEORGE

Just the same, I got to feel I'm bein' trusted. I'm llin' you for your own good, Carrie! An' if I don't me through this time, you won't have nothin' but ur suspicious Yankee nature to blame!

CARRIE

[*A stern pause, then*]: George, I live up t' my ty.

GEORGE

Duty! That's all you ever think of!

CARRIE

You ain't left me much else.

GEORGE

That's too bad!

CARRIE

Well, I'm saddled with you and I'm tryin' t' keep my e on your good points.

GEORGE

Thanks!

CARRIE

Now, be careful what you say! I can't help my nature no more than you kin help yours. Folks he t' git along as best they kin in this world with what th good Lord gives 'em in the way of natures. I'm willin t' let bygones be bygones and so's Ben.

GEORGE

Yeah? . . . Well, if you an' Ben ain't after me my own brother will be.

CARRIE

I'd be ashamed t' admit I couldn't handle my younge brother!

GEORGE

How d'you expect me to handle him when you mad him boss here an' give him the whole works?

CARRIE

What I git two thousand dollars fer, I don't con sider givin'.

GEORGE

Sold, then. If you knowed Babe as well as I do!

CARRIE

Little as I know him, I reckon he's a better man tha you are.

GEORGE

What the hell!

CARRIE

You wouldn't want t' come acrosst river with me
ıd give Lawyer Grover the money yourself, would
ou?

GEORGE

[*A shudder*]: No!

CARRIE

I ain't sure but what you ought to, though. Fer your
vn good and self-respect. You got t' grasp the
ttle, George! You got t' grasp it! That's what
ı did.

GEORGE

[*Desperately*]: All right. I'll go. I'll do the right
ing if it kills me.

CARRIE

Doin' right kills fewer 'n doin' wrong does. Bein'
rong's mebbe harder 'n bein' weak, but it's a sight
fer.

GEORGE

[*Crushed*]: Yeah. And bein hard-boiled 's a lot
easanter 'n bein' human, ain't it?

CARRIE

Land's sakes, George, don't talk so meachin'! I'll
ke the money over. [*Another blast.*] Hear that
ıstin'? They started in work at this end of the bridge
s mornin'. Yesterday, this time, I was makin' plans
· them blasters. Now . . . [*She breaks off gamely.*]
ell, I ain't complainin'. [JENNY *returns from the*

Spa, carrying a tray which is laden with two cups o hot milk and a plate of toast.] Oh, there you are Jenny! Thank you. That's jest fine. I'll take it up to 'em.

JENNY

Breakfast's ready whenever you are.

CARRIE

You kin begin eatin' yours, George. I'll 'tend t' th children and git myself tidied up and snatch a bite a I run.

[*She goes up to the children.*]

GEORGE

All right. . . . [*To* JENNY.] What's *your* trouble

JENNY

[*Returning to the Spa*]: Nuthin'.

GEORGE

What you been cryin' about?

JENNY

I ain't been cryin'.

GEORGE

Don't lie to me. I c'n see your eyes, can't I?

JENNY

Supposin' I *was* cryin'? [*Violently.*] Carrie jes told me I got t' go. I'm losin' the only home I eve had on account of what you done.

GEORGE

The only home you ever had, huh? Well, you cer-
ainly made the most of it while it lasted.

JENNY

Don't be remindin' me of that! I know I ain't no
ood!

GEORGE

What's the use a that kind a talk?

JENNY

Only I was beginnin' t' learn how t' behave. . . .
ou know I was!

GEORGE

Forget it, will you?

JENNY

I was so! I was so! Carrie was learnin' me every
ay. . . . Every day she was learnin' me better and
etter . . . and I could hev stayed right along here
nd kept my home if it hadn't been fer you! . . . And,
ebbe, married Ben, by and by. . . . Well, couldn't I?
nd I'd hev made him a good wife, too, no matter what
done in the past. I know I done plenty, but all the
ne I was learnin'. And I was through with you,
'n't I? . . . Well, wa'n't I?

GEORGE

Everybody's through with me!

JENNY

You're a fine one t' be sorry fer yourself! What
want t' know is what's goin' t' become of me!

GEORGE

What's goin' t' become uv any uv us?

JENNY

A lot I care what becomes of you! But me! I wa
tryin'. Oh, God, if I hed a gun here I'd shoot yo
this minute!

GEORGE

Oh, shut your trap, will you? I might ha' know
you'd be climbin' on the band wagon with the rest u
'em!

JENNY

[*Screaming*]: Stop talkin' t' me! I don't wa
nuthin' more t' do with you!

CARRIE

[*Calling down*]: Whatever are you two screami
'bout down there? You're gittin' the children all e
cited!

GEORGE

Nuthin'. . . . Just Jenny!

JENNY

I'm sorry I got so upset, Carrie. Excuse me.

CARRIE

Git back t' your work, Jenny, and leave George b
[JENNY *gives* GEORGE *one parting look and goes ba*

into the Spa. GEORGE *is following her. He pauses by the desk, his eye on the cash drawer.*]

GEORGE

nny?

JENNY

[*Returns, consoling herself with an apple*]: What?

GEORGE

Where you goin'?

JENNY

Back t' work.

GEORGE

Away from here, I mean.

JENNY

I don't know.

GEORGE

Back to the mills?

JENNY

I don't know.

GEORGE

I'm goin' away, too.

JENNY

Go ahead.

GEORGE

I just decided. I'm goin' now an' you're comin' h me.

JENNY

Yes, I am!

GEORGE

I'm the only one you got to take care a you no

JENNY

You're a fine one t' talk 'bout takin' care of an body!

GEORGE

I took pretty good care a you once, didn't I?

JENNY

Stop talkin' t' me, I tell you.

[*Again she starts for the door.*]

GEORGE

Listen to me, Jenny. . . . D'you know what do for you an' me in this joint? Carrie did. Bein' righteous an' hard boiled. That's what done for

JENNY

You're full of prunes!

GEORGE

Last night you said you wouldn't come with me account a me not havin' any money. Only a couple hundred dollars. . . .

JENNY

I did not. I said . . .

GEORGE

Well, I got a couple a thousand, now.

JENNY

You ain't!

GEORGE

'll show you.

e whips a knife out of his pocket and attacks the lock on the desk drawer.]

JENNY

That in there's Carrie's money!

GEORGE

Through his teeth as he works]: Like hell it is! yours and mine!

JENNY

That's Carrie's money!

GEORGE

Ve need it worse'n she does!

he drawer comes open and GEORGE *takes the money.*]

JENNY

Tou shut that drawer, George! I ain't goin' t' stand you stealin' from Carrie!

GEORGE

The hell with Carrie! I had a bellyful a Carrie an' her dam Yankees with her! Lousy, righteous, hard-ed hypocrites, that's what Yankees is! Carrie can plenty more where this come from. She's goin' to e up with my brother Babe, now!

JENNY

Tain't so!

GEORGE

Oh, yes, it is so! An' d' you think I'd stay here wh my wife's livin' with my own brother? I got *some* se respect!

JENNY

She ain't goin' t' do no sech thing!

GEORGE

The hell she ain't! An' I don't care if she doe I'm goin' back where I can be human! An' you' comin' with me, honey!

JENNY

I ain't!

GEORGE

Aw, Jenny, be reasonable! . . . You an' me ne each other! You know that! . . . You say you ai no good. Well, I ain't much good myself. So let's g some fun out a life. This ain't no place for us! W can have a swell party on this jack. In Atlantic Ci

JENNY

[*Shaking her head*]: Not fer me! Not on Carri money!

GEORGE

Look, Jenny! One. Two. Three. Four. F hundred berries every one uv 'em!

JENNY

[*Looking spellbound and speaking mechanicall* It's Carrie's money!

GEORGE

t ain't Carrie's. It's Babe's.

JENNY

Slipping the way of all flesh]: You're stealin' it
n Carrie. . . .

GEORGE

As he pockets the bills]: It ain't the first time I
e for you, is it?

JENNY

A sudden rally]: It's Carrie's money. I don't care
re she got it from or how she got it! I don't be-
e one word you said 'bout her! [*Suddenly scream-
out with all her might.*] Carrie! Carrie!

GEORGE

As he grabs her]: You little bitch!!!

JENNY

eggo of me! Carrie! Carrie! Carrie! Help!

GEORGE

*At the same time, as he gets his hand over her
th*]: God damn you, shut up or I'll . . .

CARRIE

At the same time as she comes down the stairs]:
d's sakes, Jenny! Whatever are you up to!
rge! Take your hands off Jenny! [*She separates
n.*] What is it?

JENNY

[*Hysterical*]: It's George! He's got your mone
And he's skippin' off with it. Now, mebbe, you'll
me stay!

CARRIE

George!

GEORGE

God damn the lot a you!

[*He makes a dive for the Spa door.* CARRIE *and* JENN
both crying wildly for BEN *and* BABE, *interce*
and entangle him. The turmoil is increased by t
advent of BABE, *partly shaved and dressed, w*
throws GEORGE *with appropriate imprecatio*
The riot comes to a sudden and absolute silence
BABE *possesses himself of* GEORGE's *wallet.* B
appears on the stairs in his pajamas, frowsy a
giddy with sleep.]

BABE

[*To* GEORGE]: *Get up!* [GEORGE *obeys.*] You s
of a b . . I beg your pardon, ladies, I didn't say

BEN

What's goin' on?

BABE

A little shop-liftin'. George's got de habit. [
counts the money.] One. Two T'ree. Four.
some over. . . . A hundred . . . twenty . . . for
. . . Two hundred an' . . . Say, Carrie, we made
dis transaction!

GEORGE

[*All but hysterical with rage*]: I'll say you made, a bastard!

CARRIE

George, stop usin' sech words!

GEORGE

He's got my home an' my kids an' my wife, an' . . .

CARRIE

Stop talkin' that way!

GEORGE

Now, by God, he ain't satisfied without he takes my ney, too!

BABE

Now don't you mind, Carrie. Right here an' now 're goin' to get rid a de cheesiest specimen uv a band I ever seen!

GEORGE

You don't need to say no more. I'm goin'. . . .

BABE

You're damn tootin' you're goin'!

GEORGE

[*To* CARRIE]: You'll be sorry, though! You'll be ry you ever had any dealin's with him. You wait till know him like I do! He done time, too. A lot e'n I ever done.

BABE

Sure. I done time. An' not in any a dese punk ci
lock-ups a yours. I done t'ree years in Atlanta. In
Federal Penitentiary. An' dat's class! An' I'd h
got a lot more'n tree years, too. Only dey seen I w
too young to know I was doin' wrong. De rest a
outfit's in dere yet.

CARRIE

I wish we was all there! I wish I was there! Then
wouldn't hev so much t' vex me!

[*She sinks disconsolately on a chair.*]

BABE

You been so frank an' open about me, George, I g
half a mind to tell Carrie a few t'ings I know abo
you!

GEORGE

[*A desperate appeal for* JENNY]: Aw, for Goo
sake, Babe! You wouldn't do that!

[*His gesture indicates* JENNY, *who draws over towa*
GEORGE *in alarm.*]

CARRIE

There ain't no call for tellin' me any more 'bo
George than I know already.

BABE

I'm de judge a dat. You don't know yet. . . .

CARRIE

Yes, I do know.

BABE

Insisting]: You *don't* know how he had to get jack off your old man to pay a bum doctor in ston to stop dis Kanuck from havin' a kid by him!

CARRIE

All incredulous stammers]: Jenny and George? . . ny and George? . . .

BABE

Yeah! An' I wouldn't ha' done a t'ing like dat! ha' let her have de kid an' told you to lump it or out! Dat's de kind I am!

CARRIE

Unheeding, rises from her chair and turns from ORGE *to* JENNY *and from* JENNY *to* GEORGE] You been carryin' on? All this time you two been car- ' on? [BEN *comes a few steps down the stairs and ds listening.*] All this time I been trustin' you. wer me! What's he sayin' . . . That 'bout the tor in Boston? Is it true? Is it? [*No answer and suddenly bursts forth in a terrific paroxysm of e.*] Git out of my house! Git out of my house! h of you! Git out of my house! Git out of my se! Git out of my house!

BABE

Catching her away from shaking JENNY *furiously*]: hoid you de foist time! Take it easy.

CARRIE

[*A pause until* BABE *sees it is safe to release he*
Then]: I declare! I 'most lost my temper! [*Anoth*
pause. Then, with calm sternness to GEORGE]: G
on! This is the last straw. Git out! [*Then*
JENNY]: You pack up your things and git alon
with him!

GEORGE

[*After another pause, to* JENNY]: I'll wait for y
outside. [JENNY *shakes her head, weeping violentl*
and goes up the stairs; GEORGE *turns to* BABE *a*
CARRIE.] God damn the pair a you! That's all I g
to say. The pair of you, see? Talkin' tall to me wh
you're . . .

[*At a threatening gesture from* BABE, *he turns aw*
with an exclamation of noble disgust and, sta
ing toward the front door, is intercepted by BEN

BEN

You can't go. They may kick you out, but you ca
go.

GEORGE

You got nothin' on me.

BABE

Dat's so, Benny! George is all square wid you.
It's de jack dey want. Not George.

BEN

[*Takes the money and looks at it. Then,*
GEORGE]: All right. Git out!

GEORGE

Well, as I said before . . .

BABE

Aw, join de navy, will you? [GEORGE *goes out.* BE *adds softly.*] An' see de woild! [*Pause.* CARRIE *rns to her brother.*]

CARRIE

I feel like there ain't nobody ain't been lyin' and n' t' me and holdin' out on me and keepin' things om me. . . . George and Jenny. . . . And Pa, in a y, too.

BABE

No. Not de old man. He never knowed de goil was near home.

CARRIE

That's some comfort. Mebbe I been lyin' t' myself. *he turns to the coffin.*]

BEN

What I want t' know is where this money come om?

BABE

It come from me, son!

BEN

What call you got t' be givin' money t' my sister?

BABE

She'll tell you.

BEN

She better! If she kin!

CARRIE

[*Listlessly*]: I leased him the right t' use this hous and land in his business. 'Tain't real estate, like h said. It's liquor. Did you think there'd be anythin 'bout it I *couldn't* explain?

BEN

So that's it! Why wa'n't I consulted?

BABE

We woik while you sleep.

BEN

I'm thinkin' of my prospects. You ought t' he thought of me before you agreed t' this. I aim t' b governor of this state one of these days. Go t' Con gress, too, mebbe. Your harborin' bootleggers ain' so good fer my prospects. I'd hev thanked you t' re member that.

CARRIE

I didn't fergit it.

BABE

Harborin' bootleggers ain't no worse for your pros pects than havin' your brother-in-law in jail.

BEN

'Tain't the bootleggers. It's the talk.

CARRIE

What talk? . . . D'you believe . . . ?

BEN

Wouldn't say as I believe it. But as far as my ospects is concerned, it might as well be true. I'll v t' be movin' out, too, now.

CARRIE

You?

BEN

I ain't goin' t' make you no trouble, but I can't very ll associate with you, kin I? Not in public, anyways.

CARRIE

No. . . . I guess not. . . . Only, don't let's talk no re 'bout it now. Your breakfast is ready whenever u are. And you keep the money. You take it over Lawyer Grover for me. I can't. I don't feel up t' thin' more t'day.

BEN

All right. [*He starts toward the stairs counting the ney.*] You give me too much. More'n two hundred er.

CARRIE

Take it all back. It was all stole.

BEN

They'll be satisfied with two thousand and they ain't in' t' git a penny more. This here's yours.

e drops the extra bills in CARRIE'S *desk drawer and walks up the stairs.*]

BABE

He'll be governor, all right!

CARRIE

[*Unheeding*]: I wouldn't hev thought so much coul
happen t' one woman in sech a little time.

BABE

Father. Husband. Brother. . . . Home, too
Pretty well cleaned out, ain't you?

CARRIE

Seems that way, don't it!

BABE

What de Hell! We're alive, ain't we?

CARRIE

[*Rising painfully*]: Come along. I'll git you breal
fast.

[*But, as she moves toward the Spa door, her step
falter.*]

BABE

Aw, say, Carrie! Ain't you feelin' good?

CARRIE

No. I feel terrible.

BABE

My God! I hope you ain't caught de measles!

CARRIE

'Tain't measles. Jest all gone like. Inside. Gue
mebbe I ain't as strong as I look. . . . I'll be all righ
Soon as I git a cup of coffee.

BABE

Dat's de way to talk. Dis proposition ain't goin' woik out half as bad as you t'ink, now dat we're all to get down to business.

He suddenly becomes conscious of the fact that he is collarless and finds his collar and tie tucked in his belt. He smooths them out carefully.]

CARRIE

[*Who has stood facing the Spa door and listening with her back at him, now turns*]: What did you mean that?

BABE

Well, what I said.

CARRIE

Did you mean t'day?

BABE

We c'n wait 'til after de funeral.

CARRIE

Jest how do we begin gittin' down t' business?

BABE

Well, I send some telegrams an' get de boys here.

CARRIE

The boys?

BABE

Sure! De boys dat woik for me. You got to put boys up here, you know!

CARRIE

Is that part of the bargain?

BABE

Oh, I'll pay the expenses for feedin' 'em.

[*He finds a mirror and begins to adjust his tie an collar.*]

CARRIE

So I'm runnin' a bootleggers' boardin' house, am I

BABE

You might call it dat!

CARRIE

Yeah.

BABE

Beginnin' to-night at supper.

CARRIE

At supper. I see. What happens then? What d you do after supper?

BABE

Just excuse me for finishin' my toilette, Carrie. . . After supper we hires a launch. . . . Unless dey c bring one wid 'em from Rockland or Boot' Bay whe we *been* operatin'. An' we get to woik movin' fro Georgetown up to your barn. An' tomorrow we sle an' tomorrow night do de same t'ing over again till movin's all finished.

CARRIE

I see. . . . How many fer supper t'night?

BABE

Let's count. . . . I c'n reach Kibby an' Ralph all ght, an' Mannie an' Eustace is waitin' to hear from e. . . . Dat's a funny name, ain't it? Eustace! You ouldn't t'ink anybody 'ud ha' given a name like dat a hard guy like he is. You'll like Eustace. He's art! Dey ain't never convicted him but once, he oks so innocent. . . . I don't suppose you'd want n to bring his goil wid him?

CARRIE

His girl?

BABE

She's tough, but she keeps Eustace out a de booze. e got a joke on Eustace. When he gets to drinkin' call him "useless," see? [*Hearty laughter.*] You'll e Eustace.

CARRIE

Will I?

BABE

All except for one t'ing an' I guess I ought to warn u about dat. You'll do better to have him bring goil here because Eustace is plumb nuts after men, see? You wouldn't hardly be safe in de same use wid him widout her to keep him straight. . . . en if you ain't de Queen a Sheba.

CARRIE

Thank you. Is that all fer supper?

BABE

Dat's only four, ain't it? I got two more waitin on orders in Portland an' den de t'ree up in Augusta

CARRIE

Will you often hev as many as that?

BABE

Why, you'll see nights dis summer when I got as many as t'irty-five trucks runnin' over dis road wid two me on each truck!

CARRIE

All workin' fer you?

BABE

Sure!

CARRIE

And all of 'em 'bout your style, too, I reckon?

BABE

My style? Well, Eustace, maybe. But wait till yo see de rest. Wait till you see 'em, dat's all.

CARRIE

As bad as that?

BABE

Just wait till you see 'em!

CARRIE

Yeah. I will.

BABE

Dey ain't such bad fellas, you know. Good hearte an' everythin'.

CARRIE

But you'll be here, won't you?

BABE

Me? Oh, I'm all over de map. New York, Boston, iladelphia. . . . I got a big business now. Dat's at I want Eustace here for. To leave him in charge, ?

CARRIE

I'd ruther hev you stay here if you could.

BABE

Dat's nice a you, Carrie! I must say dat's nice!

CARRIE

No. I know what t' expect of you, that's all.

BABE

Oh! . . . Well, I wish I could oblige you, but con-erin' them Federal friends a yours I don't hardly nk dis is a very healt'y neighborhood for me right w.

CARRIE

Eustace! . . . And so the children and me'll hev ole days and days of 'em alone. . . . Them and my ldren! . . . Eustace and his girl and my chil-n! . . .

BABE

Ain't goin' to hurt de kids none, is it?

CARRIE

Tain't exactly how I'd planned things for 'em.

BABE

Well! Can't have everythin'!

CARRIE

No.

BABE

Aw, come on, Carrie! Snap out uv it, will you
You'll get used to it. I wouldn't wonder if you go
some fun out uv it. You want to get some fun out
life, don't you? We're only young once. An' you ain'
so dam' young, at dat! How old are you, Carrie?

CARRIE

Thirty.

BABE

Is dat all! Why, I'd ha' given you twice dat! Wh
t'irty ain't so old! I'm t'irty myself. All you need t
bring you out is a little fun an' some swell clothe
You do de right t'ing here by my boys an' me an' b
fore de summer's over I'l wallop you down to Ne
York an' give you a nice little vacation an' buy you a
de clothes you want.

CARRIE

[*Drily*]: Thank you.

BABE

You wouldn't look so bad if you was dressed righ
Because you ain't usual. You coit'nly ain't usua
. . . What de hell! If dese louses around here wa

talk, we'll give 'em somethin' to talk about, huh? . . But not right off. Business before pleasure.

CARRIE

Couldn't you, mebbe, wait two or three days fer tin' down to business?

BABE

What's de idea a waitin'?

CARRIE

Jest the children. I certain do hate t' part with n. . . . I been prepared fer it, though. . . . Only I n't jest knew where t' send 'em. 'Tain't as though ed any kin. Only Ben. But he ain't no use now.

BABE

What d'you mean, send 'em?

CARRIE

I wouldn't want 'em here, would I?

BABE

Ain't dey all right here?

CARRIE

Well, if you hed any children of your own, you uldn't want 'em raised in any sech house as this 's goin' t' be . . . would you?

BABE

[*Growing progressively more offended*]: Why not? s a lot better'n de house George an' me was raised in.

CARRIE

Yes, but . . .

BABE

But you wouldn't want your kids turnin' out lik George an' me. Is dat it?

CARRIE

Yes, 'tis, Babe.

BABE

Dey're George's kids, ain't dey?

CARRIE

Yes, but . . .

BABE

Well?

CARRIE

If you'd seen 'em, you'd understand. You don know how sweet they are. I jest got to do right by 'er

BABE

An' keepin' 'em here now dat I took over de joi ain't your idea a doin' right?

CARRIE

No.

BABE

Maybe I'd be a bad influence on 'em?

CARRIE

Maybe you would, Babe. You wouldn't mean t but . . .

BABE

Aw, you make me sick!

CARRIE

How?

BABE

Tellin' me I ain't good enough to associate wid eorge's kids!

CARRIE

I never said that. What I was really thinkin' of was ıstace and his girl. Jest you think of my little girl th . . .

BABE

[*Cutting her off brutally*]: Eustace an' Eustace's il an' me is all de same, see? An' what's too good r dem is too good for me.

CARRIE

[*Defiantly*]: All right! You ain't good enough fer children! There now! I said it! You ain't near od enough!

BABE

[*Finally*]: Well, maybe I ain't good enough for your ls, but you ain't goin' t' send 'em away.

CARRIE

[*Bewildered*]: Why not?

BABE

Because you ain't, dat's all.

CARRIE

Who's goin' t' prevent me?

BABE

I am.

CARRIE

You?

BABE

Dose kids don't leave dese premises.

CARRIE

What d'you want with 'em?

BABE

I need 'em in my business, see? An' de holier de
are, de more I need 'em. Dose two kids a yours i
one a de best assets dis joint's got. Dere ain't nothi
like two well-brought-up kids to keep suspicion awa
from my business.

CARRIE

[*Horrified*]: You ain't aimin' t' use my children
Oh, I couldn't hev that!

BABE

You're goin' to have it. An' dose two kids a your
is goin' to get de happiest summer dey ever hoid about
Cruisin' on de river an' goin' for hay rides is t'ings de
ain't goin' to do nothin' *but!* Yeah, an' all de litt
friends dey want to ask wid 'em! De more kids I c'
get on top, de more liquor I c'n stow underneat'! See

CARRIE

[*At bay at last*]: I tell you I won't hev it! I won
abide it! I ain't goin' t' let my children be no scree

your goin's on! You'll turn my children into crim-
ls! I'll see you further when it comes t' that!

BABE

Dose kids is mine!

CARRIE

They ain't!

BABE

I bought 'em and dey're mine!

CARRIE

They ain't!

BABE

Dey goes wid de house! Dey belongs to me!

CARRIE

They don't! They don't no sech thing!

BABE

Don't dey? I'll show you!

CARRIE

You won't hev a chance t' show me! If I'd hev known
u was plannin' t' misuse my children, I wouldn't
ver hev agreed t' nuthin'. I'm goin' t' give you back
ur money. I ain't goin' t' hev nuthin more t' do with
1!

BABE

Oh, yes, you are!

CARRIE

I ain't! I ain't!

BABE

D'you t'ink I'm goin' to let go a dis joint in de fix I'm in? Just on account a you bein' stuck on dose two damn kids?

CARRIE

[*Furiously*]: Don't you dast talk that way 'bout my children!

BABE

I'll talk any ways I god-damn well please an' you keep your Yankee trap shut.

[CARRIE *staggers against a chair. He pushes her down into it, bullying her from above.*]

Now listen! . . . You're goin' to stick by me like you promised an' I'll tell you why. I'll tell you just what'll happen to you, if you try crawlin' on me now . . . Supposin' you could make me take back dat jack an' walk out a dat door! Can you imagine what I'm doin' den? I'm takin' George off before de cops has a look in. I'm takin' George off an' I'm keeping him nice an' safe in a cool, dry place till de search after him gets plenty hot. Den I'm toinin' him myself. . . Right over to de cops, I'm toinin' him. . . .

CARRIE

A lot I care what becomes of George, now!

BABE

Wait a minute! . . . I ain't done yet! . . . You just t'ink back about what George was sayin' yesterday

out your old man an' you goin' to jail wid him as accomplices. Well, your old man may be safe, but u ain't.

CARRIE

I am so!

BABE

As soon as I got George locked up, I'm down to de il wid a slick lawyer, see? George don't know it's dat toined him. An' me an' de lawyer's got a whole e of bunk ready about de money graspin' wife who t him up to de racket an' was de brains a de gang!

CARRIE

Me! Me!

BABE

An' de next t'ing you're pinched too, an' I wouldn't nder if you done as much time as him just for get- ' him dat job on de ferry . . . dat kind uv a job . . an' you knowin' all de time he had a record!

CARRIE

You say that t' *me!*

BABE

An' after you're locked up wid George, what happens de kids, den? I happen to 'em. Ain't I de dear old cle? I'm made guardian! See? Get me? . . . w do you want to get funny or do we go t'rough as ginally outlined?

CARRIE

[*A desperate pause, then*]: Supposin' I . . .

BABE

Aw, shut up! I got you beat any way you look. Dat scheme I just told you ain't half what I could do if I had time t' t'ink.

[CARRIE *subsides, terrified but still thinking.* BABE *laughs.* JENNY *comes weeping down the stairs, wearing her pathetic little best dress and carrying her pathetic little satchel.*]

JENNY

[*Through her tears*]: I'll send after my trunk, Carrie. . . . Good-bye. . . . I'm awful sorry. . . . I wish you'd believe I was tryin' t' learn. . . . I ain't no good. . . . But I *was* tryin' t' learn. . . . I'm goin' back to Saco t' the mill. . . . Serves me right. . . . Won't you tell me good-bye?

CARRIE

[*Pause, then, without looking up*]: Reckon you kin stay on if you've a mind to.

JENNY

[*Incredulous gasp*]: Carrie, d'you mean it?

CARRIE

Reckon I may need you here now. . . . No matter what you done. . . . I got t' hev somebody. . . .

JENNY

Oh, thanks! Thanks!

CARRIE

Go upstairs and take off that dress and put on your
ron and git back t' work.

JENNY

Oh, Carrie!

[*She bounds up the stairs and can, presently, be heard singing.*]

BABE

[*The most ingratiating good-humor*]: Don't get up-
t, Carrie! I only wanted to show you all de sides a
question.

CARRIE

I see. Plain as the nose on your face, ain't it?

BABE

[*With the best of good intentions*]: I had to hand it
you for stickin' to George. An' I got to hand it to
u for standin' up for your kids like you done just
w. But you want to use your bean about such t'ings,
arrie. Take it from me dere ain't nothin' in 'em.
uties is all right to talk about, but if you want to
ake good in dis woild, look out for your own inter-
ts an' to hell wid de rest, includin' kids. Dat's how
woik. An' *I* know!

CARRIE

Only a real bad man 'ud make that remark. [*She
oves toward the Spa door again.*] How d'you like
ur eggs?

BABE

Toin 'em over gentle. I'll get my coat an' brush my hair. . . . Shake? [*He extends his hand. She shakes her head. The bell on the Spa door rings sharply. They both turn.*] Is dat customers?

CARRIE

Sounds that way.

BABE

[*Admonishing*]: Business as usual, now!

CARRIE

No. I ain't up t' business t'day.

[*She goes out into the Spa. For a moment* BABE *stands looking after her. Then, a broad smile on his lips, and muttering a complacent swear or two, he turns and goes up the stairs, and triumph and the spirit of ownership are seen to be strong in him.* JENNY *is heard singing. Almost before* BABE *has disappeared,* CARRIE *is back. She is a new* CARRIE, *though, a restored and vivid* CARRIE, *one we have not seen since yesterday, before disaster overtook her. Clenching and unclenching her hands in an excitement, that is far more a fierce hope than despair, she seems, as she strides about the room, to progress from wild prayer to wilder resolution. Then she hears* BABE'S *steps overhead and on the stairs and makes her resolution. But when* BABE *appears, properly dressed, she meets him with approximate calmness.*]

BABE

[*From the stairs*]: Want to know what strikes me, arrie?

CARRIE

[*Who cannot quite control the tremor in her voice*]: Vhat?

BABE

What strikes me is the amount I done on a empty tomach.

CARRIE

I was thinkin' jest now . . .

BABE

[*Eyeing her*]: You must ha' been. You look better.

CARRIE

Do I?

BABE

What was it you was t'inkin'?

CARRIE

Well . . . last night, it was . . . You mentioned omethin' 'bout that Spa of mine bein' a good blind fer our bootleggin'. . . .

BABE

Did I? Well, so it is!

CARRIE

And I was thinkin' how much . . . how much better 'ud be . . . as a blind . . . if I could build my new itchen like I wanted to . . . and was figurin' on . . .

yesterday . . . when you come in. . . . You remember?

BABE

[*Increasingly affable, as he catches the drift*]: Sure, I remember! What den?

CARRIE

I was thinkin' how folks'll notice your rough men hangin' 'round here, so many of 'em, day after day, with things quiet in the Spa like they are now . . . and . . . how your men wouldn't be so noticeable, would they? . . . if . . . I was feedin' a couple of hundred bridge workers every day. . . . Folks 'ud think your men was bridge workers. . . .

BABE

Yeah, I t'ought a dat, too. How's dat fer a coincidence?

CARRIE

Well, I was thinkin' seein' as how I could make this place a sight more valuable t' you by enlargin' my Spa so as I *could* feed the bridge workers, mebbe . . . mebbe you'd be willin' t' help me do it!

BABE

Oh, you was t'inkin' dat, was you?

CARRIE

Then I wouldn't be beholden t' you fer my keep, either, and I could pay you back.

BABE

Twelve hundred bucks? When I already give
u . . .

CARRIE

I wouldn't need only a thousand more. I got that
o hundred you took off'n George. And with a thou-
nd . . .

BABE

Tryin' to make de best uv a bad bargain, ain't you?

CARRIE

It's a good bargain fer you!

BABE

Tryin' to save your Yankee self-respect, huh?

CARRIE

Mebbe I am.

BABE

Would you like me t' show you what kind uv a guy
am?

CARRIE

What kind are you?

BABE

Well, as long as you're willing to play ball wid
, I'll play ball wid you. . . . Now dat you know
o's de boss here.

CARRIE

Yeah.

BABE

'll come across wid de t'ousand.

CARRIE

Thank you.

BABE

What would you say, Carrie, if I was to tell you I was figurin' on doin' just dat anyway?

CARRIE

Land's sakes, Babe! . . . I was thinkin' . . .

BABE

My God, what else?

CARRIE

I was thinkin' mebbe you'd be willin' t' give me the money right off now, so as I could show Nat Glidden I got it and git him t' work here fust thing t'morrow mornin'.

BABE

[*Dubiously*]: Well, now!

CARRIE

I was thinkin' the sooner you hed your blind, the safer you'd feel. . . .

BABE

[*Admiringly*]: You coit'nly woik fast. . . .

CARRIE

I ain't got much time t' lose. Ain't the boys comin t'night?

BABE

[*Slowly, as he draws out his wallet*]: All right. . . You know, I like to see anybody come back after bein

aned out like you been. Here you are. . . . One e an' five ones. . . .

CARRIE

[*Taking the bills*]: Thank you . . . I'll jest . . . [JENNY *bounds down the stairs.*] That you, Jenny? ere. . . . Take this money out and put it in the cash gister. . . . Take this, too. [*She adds the small lls from the desk drawer.*] There's some customers t there waitin' on you t' serve 'em breakfast . . . told 'em you'd be right down. . . . [JENNY *goes.* ARRIE *has already begun to write something at the sk. She calls after* JENNY.] Leave the door open. [JENNY *obeys.*]

BABE

Ain't forgot about my breakfast, have you, Carrie?

CARRIE

Wait till I git this written. It's fer you.

BABE

For me?

CARRIE

[*Rising and presenting slip of paper*]: It's my O.U. for three thousand dollars, payable in twelve nths from date at six per cent.

BABE

Huh?

CARRIE

That's what 'tis!

BABE

What do I want wid it? You don't got to pay me back?

CARRIE

Better take it.

BABE

[*Obeying*]: What for?

CARRIE

Because our deal's off.

BABE

Huh?

CARRIE

Yeah. . . . Now git out. . . . Only don't go through the Spa way . . . The Spa's jest chuck full of Federal men. . . . Yeah, that's so, Babe. They're all in there, the whole kit and kiboodle of 'em. And they got Snitch Perkins from Georgetown with 'em. 'Twas him they had along last night t' identify you. I wouldn't be seen by Snitch if I was you.

BABE

[*Staggered*]: Well, I'll be . . .

CARRIE

Don't talk too loud. I hed Jenny leave the door open. Lucky, wa'n't it; them happenin' in like that!

BABE

What in hell are you tryin' to pull?

CARRIE

And don't start nuthin', neither. All I got t' do is yell once. . . . In case you don't believe me, though . . . [*She goes to the open door and speaks through it.*] Hello, Henry.

VOICE

[*Offstage*]: Yes, Carrie?

CARRIE

Jenny takin' good care of you?

VOICE

Best in the world, Carrie!

CARRIE

[*Her eyes blazing at* BABE]: That's right!

BABE

Well, I'll be God damned if I don't got to hand it to you!

CARRIE

Mind, it's the very same thing made me so mad when George tried it last night. . . . I wouldn't hev done it, only I seen how you was takin' all the advantages you could of me. I guess turn about's one kind of fair play, ain't it? . . . That's why I'm makin' you pay fer my kitchen.

BABE

[*Pause, then*]: Carrie, you're a great girl! [*And he tears up the I.O.U.*]

CARRIE

That's nice of you t' do that. I'll hev the money jest the same. You come back here in a year's time and I'll hev it ready fer you with interest.

BABE

I believe you. I told you character was your long suit.

CARRIE

Well, we both of us got that, ain't we?

BABE

Yeah! Ain't we?

CARRIE

Good-bye.

BABE

Good-bye . . . Will you shake now?

CARRIE

[*Shaking*]: Better take George with you!

BABE

How do I know dem Federals is in de Spa?

CARRIE

You kin look, if you've a mind t' risk it. But I wouldn't if I was you. Struck me they was actin' kind of suspicious like, bringin' Snitch Perkins back with 'em a second time. [*Once more, as* BABE *approaches the Spa door, she calls out.*] Takin' good care of Snitch, too, Henry?

VOICE

Best in the world, Carrie!

CARRIE

That's right.

BABE

Good-bye. [*He goes to the front door. She follows him.*]

CARRIE

Mind, if anybody *was* t' hide some liquor in that old barn of Pa's and I didn't hev t' see nuthin' of 'em, 'twouldn't hurt me none, would it?

BABE

Thanks.

[*He opens the door and goes out.*]

CARRIE

[*Standing in the door*]: Keep close t' them lilacs so's they won't see through the Spa window. [*An automobile motor starts up and roars off into the distance.* CARRIE *closes the door and comes weakly back into the room. Suddenly, however, she calls out wildly.*] Ben! Nat! Jenny! Come in here! All of you!

[NAT *and* JENNY *appear in the Spa door.* BEN *appears on the stair.*]

BEN

What is it? What's goin' on?

NAT

We done it!

CARRIE

[*Wringing his hand*]: You answered up fine!

NAT

Oh, I'm the best little Federal agent you ever seen!

JENNY

You certain are!

CARRIE

You git your men 'round here fust thing t'morrow mornin'! [*Another blast crashes over the country side.*] Blast away, darn you! I'll be ready fer you! [*To the amazed* BEN.] I know I ought to be cryin', but I can't help laughin'. [*To her dead father.*] Excuse me, Pa!

[CURTAIN]

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